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The HOME THAT WAS BUILT BY HENS



By "UNCLE CAL"



STODDARD



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THE HOME THAT WAS BUILT BY HENS

By

"UNCLE CAL" STODDARD

ILLUSTRATED BY L. STAHLER, JR.

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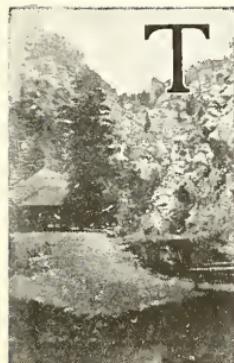


"We will have to dispense with Campbell's services, and the order is to go into effect Saturday night."

THE HOME THAT WAS BUILT BY HENS.

By "UNCLE CAL" STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.



OUCHING an electric push button, connected with the mahogany desk before which he was sitting, Lyman Roberts, General Manager of the Great Interurban Transportation Co., called into his presence, Jim Lytle, his Superintendent.

Pushing back from his desk, and leisurely puffing his cigar, he said, "Lytle, I've a rather disagreeable duty to perform, and it's one which I've concluded to delegate to you. It refers to Ned Campbell, foreman of the operating department. As a first step, by way of retrenchment and a reduction of operating ex-

penses, the Board of Directors have concluded that we will have to dispense with Campbell's services, and the order is to go into effect Saturday night."

"I'm very sorry to hear this Mr. Roberts, said Lytle, not only because Campbell is the best foreman that we have ever had, but because he has been with us ever since the merger with the South Side Co., in '85, and is a most efficient and careful man. He is well liked by the men under him, and his every thought seems to be at all times for the interests of the Company."

"Yes, I know, Lytle, and it is for the reasons that you suggest, that the task is a hard one, and why I have placed its performance upon your shoulders. If I could have my way about it, Campbell's name would never be dropped from our pay rolls. However, an order has issued from the President, to the effect that expense must be cut in that Department and as Ned is the highest priced man, the Board have concluded that he is the one to get the "blue envelope." That it will be a rather poor Christmas present to hand a man who has been so faithful to our interests for so many years, goes without saying. He is booked to go however, and I wish you to notify him.

Very well, Mr. Roberts. It is a very undesirable task which

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you have imposed, and I would gladly give a month's salary from my own pocket if Campbell might be retained. It is hard to be let out at this time of the year, and in this case it is doubly so, by reason of the fact that Ned's wife has not as yet fully recovered from her recent illness. His bank account has been badly depleted by the payment of Doctor's bills, and the suspension of his earning power at this time, and under these conditions, is a matter much to be regretted.

"Quite true, Lytle, quite true," and it may not be out of place, if I say to you, that his dismissal is not at all to my liking, nor in line with my ideas of justice. In fact, I feel personally—mind you, and not as an official of the Company—that Campbell's dismissal might justly be termed an injustice to him and an act of ingratitude upon the part of the Company. But it's orders, Lytle, and you know what that means. After all, the relation between the Employer and the employed is one of business, and your experience has shown you the truthfulness of the saying, that "there is no sentiment in business."

"You and I may *think* as we like, but *orders* must be obeyed. I trust you will do the job as pleasantly as you can, and be careful to spare in every way the big, manly feelings of one of the best men, whose name ever graced the Company's pay roll."

As he finished speaking Mr. Roberts arose and looked thoughtfully out into the darkening day and the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare of the great metropolis. Putting on his warm coat and gloves, preparatory to leaving for the night, he said, "Lytle, what an awful thing it is to be dependent! I have often thought of it, but this case of Ned Campbell impresses me more than usual."

"In this great industrial corporation we are all more or less dependent. Even I, as general manager, might have my tenure of office cut short as we discharge Ned Campbell. Every man who works for a corporation is simply a cog in the machine. He can be removed and another and less expensive one put in his place and the machine goes on just the same. So often have I seen this happen with men whose lives have been spent in service, leaving them to spend their declining years in actual want. It is indeed sad, and as a result of what I have observed during my years of activity in the business world, I would say to every man, be he young or middle age, 'Don't be a cog in some corporate machine, but by all that makes life

dear, be independent.' As old 'Doc' Potter used to say, 'If it's only a peanut stand with an umbrella over you, you know it's yours.' And, Lytle, it is so."

"Men become linked to some business and simply drift along. The days run into weeks, the weeks into months and years; they reach middle age, their earning capacity begins to wane; the evening of life comes on, finding them where poor Ned Campbell is today; and the world moves on unmindful of the wreckage left behind."

"As I said before, no one knows when or where the axe may fall. That old saying, 'There is always a wheel within a wheel,' is quite true. You, as superintendent, are accountable to me as General Manager. I, as General Manager, am responsible to my Board of Directors, as are also the President and other officers. They in turn must give an account of their responsibilities to the stock holders who elect them. Too often a majority interest in the stock of our great industries is controlled by the large banking interests, and they in turn by what are known as the great 'captains of industry.' In the last analysis, it's the peoples' money that goes into these vast enterprises, and it's the power to control the peoples' money that makes these 'captains of industry.' The price of our stocks and bonds, both actual and speculative, is fixed, in a large degree, by their income producing power. The "Captains," would soon lose their prestige with the Banks and Trust Companies, unless they produced results. Hence it's "results" that they must secure.

Ned Campbell's salary of \$1,800.00 per year means a five per cent dividend on \$36,000.00 of our stock, and it's dividends that they want. If these dividends be wet with the tears of grief, or the blood of human suffering, it matters not. They never know, nor do they care. Capital claims the inalienable right to purchase human effort, at the lowest possible price, and to the best possible advantage. There is no "sentiment" about it, and I am very frank to say that, personally, my ideas of right and wrong are hardly in accord with this latter day philosophy of the business world.

What I have said is said simply to picture to you the pitiful situation of every man who casts his fortunes as a laborer in the building of our great corporations. There is no such thing as independence under such circumstances, and the many things that God gives to His people, to make for their

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happiness, are, to the millions who make up the masses, practically unknown.

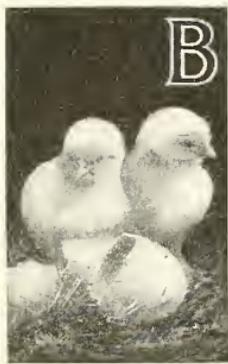
“Well, good night, Lytle. It looks like the beginning of real Winter.” “It surely does, Mr. Roberts, Good night.”

Lyman Roberts was a man born of plain New England parentage, and under his fur lined coat beat a big, honest heart, that revolted at the dismissal of Ned Campbell as an injustice to honest effort, and as a wrongful disregard of his rights as a worker in the great Industrial combination of which he was President.

As his luxuriously appointed Auto threaded its way through the dense throng of humanity, ever and forever moving here and there, Mr. Roberts was so deep in thought as to be oblivious to all that was passing about him.

Alighting in front of his brilliantly illumined home, wherein might be seen all the evidences of happiness and “Good Cheer,” consequent upon the approaching Christmas time, he shook his head, and with the deepest feelings of sorrow, said, “Poor Campbell.”

CHAPTER II.



BEFORE the General Manager of the Great Interurban Transportation Company had reached his home on the evening of December 22, 1903, his Superintendent, Jim Lytle, had carried "the message to Garcia." In other words he had performed the unpleasant duty assigned him by his Superior, and had notified Ned Campbell of his dismissal from the service of the Company.

Jim Lytle was a college graduate, and the son of a Bank President. His appointment, made two years before, was brought about by reason of his father's influence with the Board of Directors. From the moment he took up the important duties of his office, he had realized his lack of fitness for the position. In Ned Campbell he had found a loyal friend, and the feelings between the men were such as tended to more firmly cement the bonds of friendship as the days went on. In the intricate maze of practical business life, the College graduate was soon lost, and it was only the knowledge, bought by experience and possessed by Ned Campbell, that in Jim's early days as Superintendent, had led him safely over many pitfalls.

It was little wonder that there was a huskiness in Jim's voice as he broke the news to Campbell of his dismissal from his position, and that "his services were no longer required." So keenly did he feel for Ned, that he at once offered to secure the influence of his father in the hope of retaining him in his position.

"As we used to say in college, Ned, things seem to be coming your way in bunches," said Jim. "With the expense of keeping your son Allison in that Agricultural college; the illness of your wife, and the losing of your position, you have about all the load that any one man in your financial condition ought to be expected to carry. Now, Ned, if you will just say the word, I'll go to the front for you, and perhaps the Governor can save the day. He's pretty strong with the Board, and in fact, I hardly think they would dare disregard a request coming from him in a matter of this kind."

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Ned Campbell's father had been a plain farmer up in the central part of the State, and Ned was one of several children. In his boyhood days he had known what it was to feel the painful throb of a "stone bruise" on his toe, and, he had often warmed his feet on a cold October morning in the grass where the cows had slept the night before. He had hunted rabbits, and "dug out" woodchucks, before he was twelve years old. On Winter mornings he had filled the wood box for mother, pumped water for the stock, cleaned the horses, and looked after "grandma's" hens, before taking his lunch basket with its doughnuts and link of sausage, and starting on his mile tramp to the old red schoolhouse on the hill. All this had meant discipline to his youthful mind, and it was this discipline of his boyhood days, that had made him a master of detail and that had brought him constant promotion wherever he had been employed. It was that discipline, backed by a splendid integrity and good sense, that had made him foreman of the operating department. It was the discipline of plain living, and clean thinking, that had made Ned Campbell a *real* man, with a keen vision, and a heart wherein the "milk of human kindness" was found to flow in abundance.

As he sat there the embodiment of honesty, and a splendid manhood, his big blue eyes wide open with amazement at Jim's news, his mind became keenly alert to the exact situation.

He had often felt that all Mr. Roberts had said to Lytle was true. With him the dependence and helplessness of the employed had been a matter of earnest thought. He had seen others who were lower down in the ranks dropped from the pay roll, and the lesson had come to him on these occasions. He fully realized that Jim Lytle meant all that he said as to the invoking of his father's influence in his behalf, and that no doubt such influence would result in his maintaining his position. This thought, to his mind, however, was at once distasteful. To him "merit" was the only password that should give a man preferment in business, or in any field in which he might engage. To hold a position by reason of a "pull" was to Ned an humiliation and simply out of the question.

As Lytle finished speaking, Ned regained his composure, and without the slightest showing of a resentful feeling, said, "No, Jim, I can't permit you to do that. I'd feel that I was paying too great a price for the privilege of remaining with the company, because it would be, under those circumstances, at the expense of my self-respect. Old Elder Ripley used to say that

“self-respect is one of the greatest assets a man can have,” and I believe it’s so. Therefore, while I want you to feel that I fully appreciate your kindly intentions, I must decline your offer of intervention in my behalf. The order has been given, and I must abide by it. Maybe after all it’s only for the best. You, no doubt, think it a great adversity. Just at this time, it does come hard, and perhaps a fellow would be justified in wondering how it is possible for men to be so unmindful of the “golden rule” as set forth in the teaching of He whose birth we celebrate at this season of the year.

“I remember reading somewhere an expression of a noted writer who said, ‘A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither does uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify men for usefulness and happiness.’ If, as some claim, ‘adversity is the diamond powder with which Heaven polishes its jewels,’ I surely ought to have a lustre such as would make me the envy of the sun.

“Now, Jim, even though the Goddess of Justice should weep her eyes out because of my dismissal, it is my *duty* to be a philosopher. It may be that Allison will have to give up his last six months at college and that Santa Clause will be a little short in his donation at the Campbell residence, but I am *still* healthy Ned Campbell. For several years I have felt the yoke, and yearned for the freedom that I used to know. Of course, it would have been pleasanter to have had it come over the “resignation route” instead of the “blue envelope flyer,” yet the ultimate result is just the same. Allison is nearly eighteen. He has had two and one-half years at the State Agricultural School, and perhaps he will have some suggestions to make when he learns how the business depression has been playing tag with his dad. I am exceedingly sorry that our business relations have come to a close, but I shall hope to see you often. If I should conclude to go up into the country, as I have often thought of doing, it would be a fine place for you to spend your summer vacations. Since I came to the city, I have had ample opportunity to observe the artificiality of city life, and it surely has left its mark. Well, I’ll finish making the test of the new electric motor and get everything in shape for Saturday evening.”

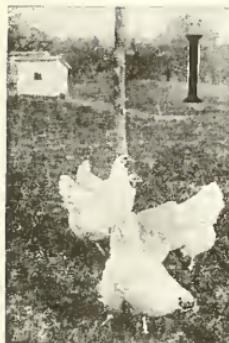
“Ned, you’re the best fellow I ever met,” said Lytle. “Instead of taking these things to heart, tearing your hair, and calling everybody names which wouldn’t look well in print, you simply say ‘all right’ and pass it along. I suppose that’s what

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you call "being a philosopher." Well, I have gone through Yale and seen something of the world, but I have learned a lesson in fortitude from you tonight that I won't forget in a long, long time."

"Why, Jim, my dear fellow, don't you know the things we often count as misfortunes are, after all, the kindly ministerings of God's angels leading us into a land of better things? My services to this company have been worth \$1,800 per year, otherwise they would not have paid me that amount. I am still capable of as good, and even better service. Bear in mind, Jim, that I am now *free*, and there is *no limit to the possibilities of a free man who is in earnest*. If there is anything further that you want looked into before Saturday night, just say the word."

CHAPTER III.



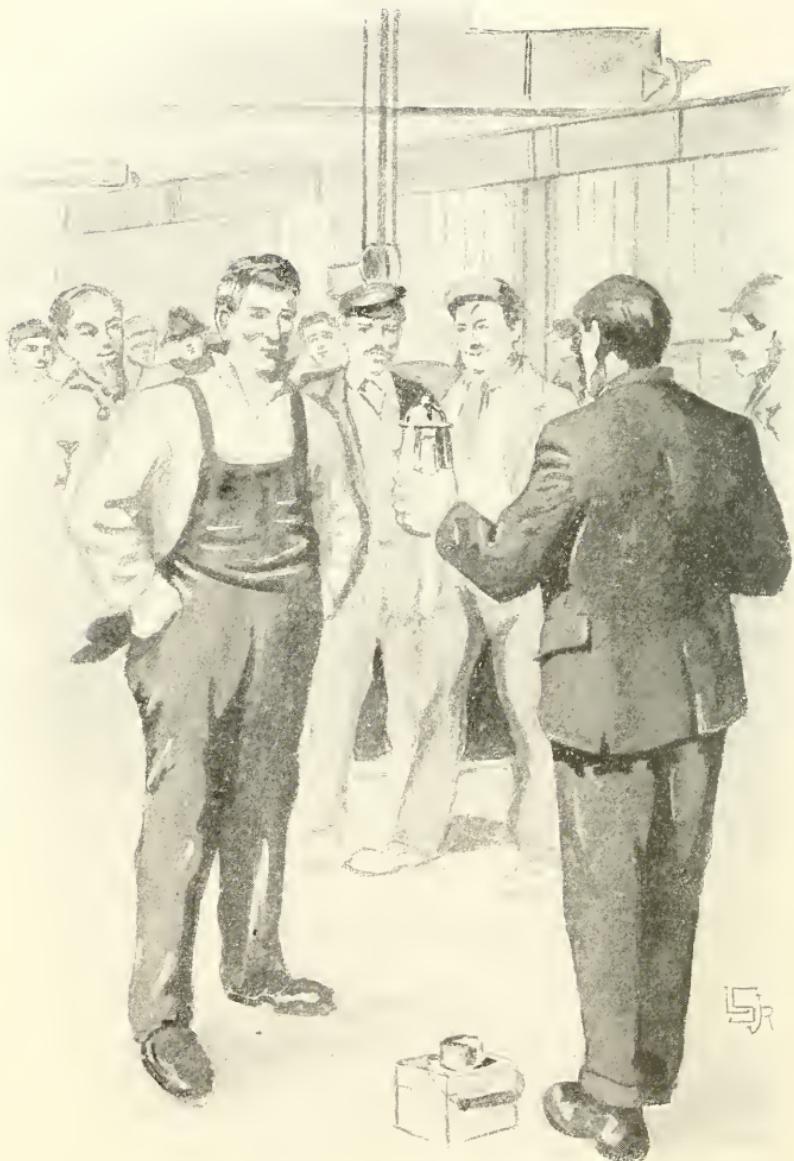
T was Saturday night. The last man in the company's employ had walked up to the paymaster's window and received an envelope, the contents of which represented his earnings for the previous week. As each had signed the pay roll and stepped out past the special officer always stationed at the paymaster's window, he had passed around the corner of the office to the repair shop, out of which was the exit leading to the street.

There was an atmosphere present among the men indicative of something unusual; they were talking in suppressed tones, a little group here, another there; and upon the faces of all was a look of expectancy for the arrival of one who had not yet put in his appearance.

Presently big Jack Comstock, one of the moulders, was seen approaching, and with him the foreman, Ned Campbell. As Ned reached the midst of the fifty or more employees, they suddenly and as if with one volition, congregated about him. Each was clothed in his shop apparel, grimy with the sweat and dirt of the day's work; each was carrying his empty dinner pail, and each one seemed engrossed with thoughts of the same subject.

Looking from one to the other, as if to read in their faces their thoughts, and hoping that some of them would break the stillness, Ned finally said, "Well boys, there seems to be something unusual on your minds, and while Jack has asked me to come out here and see you, he has not told me the purpose of the gathering. I hope that those old rumors of discontent and a threatened strike have not broken out again, but if they have, let me say in advance, I am against you. You all know, of course, that I am no longer your foreman, but I want to say to you that the earnings of the company, owing to the business depression, do not warrant an increase in salaries at this time, and I hope that you'll stand by the company and wait for better times."

As he paused, waiting for someone either to dispel his fears or verify his suspicions as to the purpose of this informal



Course 'taint much, Mr. Campbell, but it's our brotherly feeling for a man what's always showed a brotherly feeling for us.

gathering, suddenly big Jack stepped out from the group of men and said, "No, Mr. Campbell, 'taint that; but if 'twant that you've always told the boys that it pays to play fair, we'd think it was our duty to "go out" in a bunch tonight, just because of the way you've been treated by the company. We don't think it's square. You've been the best friend us boys ever had. When we was right, you always stood by us, and when we was wrong, you always showed us what was right. There ain't a man here tonight what wouldn't go on his hands and knees from Harlem to Hoboken for you, even in the middle of the night, and that's 'cause we've always found you on the square.

"Now, in handlin' pig iron and breakin' up forms, I am right to home and strong on the job, but when it comes to speechn-making, course I'm a little shy on the big words. The boys has got me into a job this time that I guess I ain't going to fill with much satisfaction to anybody, so if I get fired, I'll take my medicine like a man.

"The fact is, Mr. Campbell, that we're here just as you see us poor fellers, all dirt, but all wool at the same time. There ain't any more polish on us than there is in what I'm saying; but, if you could look down under these sweaters and jumpers, you'd find some hearts that are this minute jumping like jack rabbits, and the kind what comes about as near being the real stuff as you'll find anywhere in the world. We all know that you're going away tonight, and that we won't see you around here any more, nor hear you say 'good morning' to the fellers when the whistle blows. I guess mebbe if we was to tell the truth, this laying off by the company has sort of put a damper on Christmas for all of us; but it's done and that's all there is to it. We ain't getting very big wages just now, and we've all got families, but—but—we've got something—gol darn it! —that is, the boys here has gone and bought something, I guess it's called a silver coffee pot, and some fixings that goes along with it, as a sort of Christmas present for you and Mrs. Campbell, and as a sort of showing our feelings at this time. Course 'taint much, Mr. Campbell, but it shows our brotherly feeling for a man what's always showed a brotherly feeling for us.

"I've been a long time getting this speech out of my hide, and I hope you'll take the present and that it'll make you think kind thoughts of us boys when you're away. Now, here it is, and as its purchase represents the sweat of our brows and the

aching of our muscles, so does it carry with it our love for you and yours and our best wishes wherever you go."

The stillness was unbroken for some time, save for the suspicious wiping of noses and rubbing of eyes on the coat sleeves of those big, honest toilers in the realm of industrial activity. Tears glistened in the eyes of Ned Campbell as he gazed upon this splendid token of his men's love for him.

When at last he felt a confidence in his voice which would enable him to speak, he said: "Boys, this gift means more to me than words can express. It is not what you've given, but it's the manner in which you've given it. As I gaze upon it in the years to come, it will picture to my mind this little gathering here tonight, and the faces of you men, who, in the years in which we have been associated together, I have learned to love as my brother men. It will recall the many evidences of your sturdy integrity, your loyalty to my ideas of fairness and justice and the sacrifice I know each of you have been compelled to make in its purchase. Tomorrow is Christmas Day. Tomorrow we celebrate the birth of Him of whom it has been written:

"In the beauty of the lily, Christ was
born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me,
As He died to make men holy, let us live
to make men free,
While Christ is marching on."

This is a beautiful sentiment, and as He proclaimed peace on earth, good will towards men, I find my heart wishing for you all at this Holiday season, the divine blessing of Him who "doeth all things well." We are all truly brothers of a common ancestry, and in expressing to you all my brotherly regard and appreciation for this beautiful gift, I want to take each of you by the hand and say 'good night, and good bye.' "

When each had at last filed by, and had felt that hearty hand elasp of honest, brotherly feeling, a drama in one act had been enacted upon the stage of life, whieh would never be forgotten by the participants.

Going back into the office, Ned Campbell exhibited the beautiful silver set to Jim Lytle, carefully wrapped it up with the presents which he had bought for Dolly and the boy, took a last look at his desk, put on his overcoat, and tucking the big package under his arm, shook hands with Jim, wished him a merry Christmas, and started for his modest little home in Farrell street.

CHAPTER IV.



IT would be necessary for one to *really know* Ned Campbell to fully understand the workings of his mind as he wended his way homeward on this Christmas Eve. Feelings of sadness were intermingled with those of relief from bondage and the hope of better things to come. Yes, he had lost his position, but the greatest regret he felt was in saying "good-bye" to the boys. Dolly was not as strong as he would wish, but the doctor was hopeful. Allison was well, and he was home from school to spend the holidays with them. Love reigned with sovereign power in the Campbell home, and tomorrow was Christmas, the season of good cheer.

It was a principle with Ned Campbell to live every day as though it were the only one left on the calendar, and each night found him at peace with the world. So, as he greeted his little family with a laugh, and breathed in the oxygen of happiness which prevailed his home on this Christmas Eve, there were no feelings of resentment towards his former employers because of his sudden dismissal from service.

The next day after dinner, the family went into executive session for the purpose of discussing the future. An audit of the savings bank book showed \$900 to the good. The health account, so far as the male members were concerned, was excellent, and as to the third member, it was pronounced "hopeful." Allison had six months to spend at the Agricultural College and that time could be skipped without seriously affecting his standing at graduation time.

Having made this summary of assets, the next question which came up for consideration was, "What shall we do?" This was a perplexing problem. Ned had always worked on a salary. Dolly's work had always been one of love for the home and family, while Allison, up to the present time, had been not only a non-producer, but an item of expense chargeable to the general fund.

In the discussions which followed, it was decided that the inexperience of youth should defer to the knowledge supposed

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to be possessed by those of mature years. Dad had always been a good provider, and his judgment at this time was no doubt the best. Times were hard, so the probability of finding employment with firms did not present a very bright outlook. He had had no experience in business, having always been in the ranks of the employed. When the possibilities and probabilities had all been discussed and narrowed down to the finest point, Allison for the first time spoke up, saying, "Dad, have you ever thought you would like to go back and live in the country?"

"Yes, son," replied his father, "many and many a time. I am frank to say that there have been very few days during all the years I have mingled with men in this busy city, that I have not had some thoughts of spending my latter days among the green fields of the country. I have never given the subject much serious consideration, however, because I have wanted to give you a good education, and your mother all the comforts possible; but why do you ask?"

"Well," answered Allison, "my education has fitted me for such a life. You've worked for me eighteen years, and I'd like to work for you as many. I believe that the country air would have a wonderfully beneficial effect upon mother's health, and I am sure that we would all be happy if we were together and well. From what I've been taught in college, I have come to believe that there are great possibilities in the country when there is hearty family co-operation, in a common cause. So, as the minority member of this committee, I want to propose the country."

"Coming home on the train yesterday, I bought a little book, which the newsboys were selling, called, "The Tale of the Golden Egg." It was a most fascinating little story and it surely does point the way to success in what has come to be known as the great poultry industry of the country. I have taken my full course in poultry; I have all the theory there is to get. Of course, dad, I know that you and mother will simply smile, and I know that you and all your ancestors were from Missouri—as the fellows say—but I am ready to 'show you' how it can be done, if you will agree to act as general counsel for the enterprise."

"Well, son," said the father, "it is often the unusual and unexpected things in life that bring the greatest returns. This is a move I had not contemplated. However, if you feel that way about it, it looks to me as though the proposition was

strictly 'up to mother.' If she says 'I approve,' I guess that would come pretty near settling the whole matter. I move we take an informal vote upon the proposition and that you act as teller. We will each write the words 'yes' or 'no' on a piece of paper and a majority vote shall carry the day."

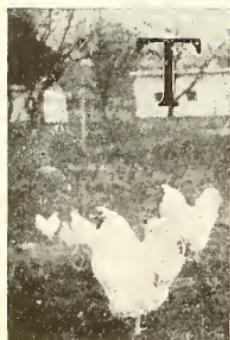
There was a hurried skirmish for paper and pencil, and the three votes were written out and deposited in Allison's hat. With a smile Mrs. Campbell directed the teller to count them, and when the result was announced, it was found that the vote had been unanimously in the affirmative. Allison's hat went into the air as he gave a wild yell of happy exultation, mother quietly smiled, while Ned was more thoughtful than he had been for some time.

Finally he said: "Well, the decision is made. The Rubicon is crossed, so to speak, and now, Mr. Campbell (addressing Allison), you may exercise your knowledge and theory in suggesting location and the particular line of agricultural pursuit in which this firm shall engage."

"Location—within one hundred miles of New York; business—egg farming," said Allison without a moment's hesitation. The firm shall consist of three members: Mr. Edward Campbell, President; Mr. Allison Campbell, General Manager and all around hustler; and Mrs. Mary Campbell as motherly mediator and superintendent of the doughnut division."

A hearty laugh followed this youthful division of responsibility, and a general feeling of relief became apparent. Within an hour an armful of publications were deposited on the library table, describing country properties for sale, giving full particulars as to location and prices. A list giving minutest details was prepared that Christmas night and all preparations made for the launching of the new project.

CHAPTER V.



HE novelist writing about Kendall's Corners, would probably describe it as "a beautiful little hamlet nestling among the foothills of the Catskill Mountains in the upper part of Ulster County, about eighty miles from the great metropolis." "Nestling" sounds romantic as a descriptive word, but "bristling" would be more appropriate.

There were congregated at this particular point in 1893 thirty-seven families, mostly old settlers. Little inducement was offered to newcomers because the rock-bound hills could scarcely furnish a living for those who were there. How the minister ever managed to squeeze through the year was always a question. The Annual Conference sent its apprentices to Kendall's Corners, feeling that if they stayed through the year, it was ample proof of their devotion to the church; hence there was a change of pastors every year.

A small stream of water furnished power for Hank Irwin's grist mill, and in winter a few logs were worked up into planks or siding "for patchin' up 'round."

Tobias Williams, an aged descendant of Roger Williams, repaired wagons, shod horses and pitched quoits. History says that he spent more time at the latter occupation than he did working at his trade, and this report finds some confirmation in the fact that Toby, as he was called, subsequently died in the poorhouse.

The general store had as its proprietor, Lem Huckins, who would never have owned a store, or even a wheel-barrow, if it hadn't been handed down to him by his father, known as the first white man in Ulster County. Having been disappointed in love early in life, Lem had sought surcease from his sorrow in being elected Town Constable for twenty years or more. He had living rooms connected with his store, and at night slept with one end of a clothes line round his neck, the other tied to the knob of his safe. He always "allowed ez haow they wa'n't no durned burgler goin' to open his safe door without his knowin' it." He enjoyed the distinction also of being post-

master, and his commission was framed and hung in a conspicuous part of the store.

One day in the latter part of February, '94, as Lem sat candling seven dozen of "fresh eggs" put down in wood ashes and oats by Samantha Williams the fall before, Uncle Ezry Walters came in to get his copy of the *Farm and Fireside* for that month.

Knocking the snow from his heels and taking off his dog-skin mittens, he said, "Well, Lem, it's softein' up some, ain't it? I've never knowed it to fail when the old ground hog don't see his shadder on Candlemas Day, you might jist as well be gittin' the rust offen your plow point and look for an early spring. By gosh! I watched him all day 'cause I was gittin' durned short in fodder, and when it got to be milkin' time and no sun, I sez, 'Abby,' sez I, 'You'll soon be hearin' the frogs daown in the pastur lot agin'.'"

"Gess mebby ez haow you're right, Uncle Hezzy," said Lem, "leastwise I hope you be. We've had a purty stiddy winter, and I'll be mighty glad to see the last of it. S'pose ez haow you want your paper, don't you? Thay's a good story in it this month, 'baout some train robbers out in Missouri. I wuz jist thinkin' ez haow if I wuz the cunstable out there, thay wouldn't be quite so much lawlessness. When fellers break in and steal, they ought to be locked right up. I'd show 'em, by gosh! that the authority of the law musn't be trifled with. S'pose you go right around behind the counter and git it, so's I can finish up these here aigs."

This was an unusual invitation and indicated much confidence in Uncle Hez on the part of Lem, so the former proceeded to get his monthly bulletin of what was transpiring in the outside world.

Going back to his favorite barrel, from the head of which he had discoursed many times upon topics of religion, polities and the "future state," he began scanning the pages of his paper.

After a few minutes of unbroken silence, save for an occasional "Well, I'll be durned!" from Lem, as he discovered an embryo White Leghorn in one of Samantha's "fresh aigs," suddenly Uncle Hez laid down his paper, took off his glasses and said: "Lem, what's the meanin' of all this here talk in the papers 'baout goin' baack on the land? Gess mebby it's mostly the doin's of them air city folks, but I'll be durned if I take to it very much. Looks to me ez if thay might be in bet-

ter business than goin' back on the land. I wonder what in tarnation would become of 'em if we wuz to "go back" on the land. Some of them air city chaps would be goin' to bed with a sort of lonesome feelin' in their stomachs if thay wa'n't some one stayin' *with* the land."

The earnestness of Uncle Hez and his quaint expression caused Lem to break out with such a hearty laugh that he dropped an egg on the store floor, thereby losing his profit on a dozen.

" 'Tain't back *on* the land, Uncle Hez, it's back *to* the land you've been readin' 'baout, instead of goin' back *on* it. They're talkin' of goin' back *to* it. Don't you see the difference? It's funny haow them air things git talked 'baout. I've been reading of it in all the papers put off here at my postoffice. Seems ez haow owin' to the hard times that have been comin' on, some big city fellers has been tellin' folks they must stop crowdin' into the cities and populate the country more. Then the newspapers got to printin' things 'baout it, and now they've got folks who've always lived in the city, goin' 'round lookin' for farms. Why, thay's been more'n a dozen out here this month. The other day I seen a postal card ez cum for Asy Cummings tellin' haow thay'd be a feller up for the inspection of his placee some time this week. Asy sez he's gittin' too old to farm it, and sort of feels like retirin'. He's saved up 'baout fifteen hundred dollars and he sez if he could put it out on a six per cent mortgage he'd have enough to take care of him ez long ez he lives. I s'pose ez haow he's purty lonesome out there since he wuz made a widower by the ackshun of Providence. So ez fur ez I can see, farmin' lands'll be looking up in price afore long."

"So that's it, is it? Well, I'm glad you've set me right, enz I wuz gittin' sort of riled up at them fellers talkin' against the land. I've allus claimed that the land wuz where all the wealth of the nashun cum from. Thay ain't anything you can think of ez don't, and I've allus been durned proud of the fact that I wuz a farmer. I ain't never been daown to New York City more'n three times in twenty years, and I ain't goin' agin if I can help it. Seems to me them city folks wastes enough money in foolish ways to keep a good sized family till doomsday. Thay're allus tearin' along jist ez if this day wuz the last one afore the Angel Gabriel wuz goin' to blow his trumpet. Corse our boy Sam thinks it's funny we don't go down to see him oftener, but Abby and me' we'd ruther set out under the

tree and hear the birds singin' and listen to the grass growin', than be run over by one of them air trolley cars. So we tell Sam to cum here and visit us cuz it's cheaper."

"When we wuz a-visitin' Sam one time, I uster walk out in the mornin' and wheel Sam's baby 'baout a mile so's he culd git some fresh air. I'd meet more'n five hundred folks 'fore I'd git back. They all acted ez if they wanted to git to a circus afore the last seat was tuk. Thay wa'n't a durned one of them ez ever sed 'Good Mornin'!' Now you know, Lem, up here in the country we allus say 'Good Mornin'' or 'How d'ye do.'"

"Well, I sez to a likely lookin' ehap one mornin' sez I, 'Good Mornin'!'" He sez, 'Can't place you, stranger, who be you?' I sez, 'Jist a feller man, that's all. I'm from the country, and we country folks allus sez 'Good Mornin'' when we meet a feller man, cuz we feel ez haow the Lord would do it if he wuz on earth. I hope ez haow you ain't goin' to be offended cuz I sed "good mornin'" without havin' a intry-duckshun.'

"He looked at me abaout a minit, and a sort of watery look come in his eyes. Takin' out his watch and notin' the time, he sez: 'Uncle, excuse me for bein' quite so blunt, but thay's a heap of truth in what you've been sayin'. Folks here seem to think thay ain't got time to breathe ez thay ought to, but I bet the time'll eome when thay'll be more of 'em thinkin' 'baout the golden rule and less 'baout how to skin their feller man. Good-bye, hope I'll see you again. If you'll tell me whereabouts you live, mebby you'll hear from me some time.' So I give him my postoffice and found out afterwards that he wuz one of them air fellers ez writes for papers."

"About six weeks arter me and Abby got home, I got a letter enclosin' this here paper. I allus carry it in my wallet cuz I thought it wuz pretty durned good. Didn't I ever show it to you, Lem?"

"No, Uncle Hez, and it's funny I didn't see it when it cum through the postoffice. Read it."

At this solicitation on the part of Lem, Uncle Hez unwound the string from his pigskin wallet, and taking out a well-worn piece of paper, read the poem to Lem.

And He Allus Sed: "Good Mornin'."

As a bright-eyed farmer philosofer,
 Old Jed Perkins wuz hard to beat,
 With a head ez full of wisdom ez an
 aig is full of meat;
 And if you'd ever see him a-comin',
 with his ear-flops a-hangin' daown,
 You'd say, "Here comes the cross
 a-twixt a hayseed and renown."

Jed wuzn't much on ettyket (never
 had a visitin' card)
 But he knew the ten commandments
 (quote the Bible by the yard);
 Allowed ez haow the Almighty surtly
 knowed a thing or two,
 And to live in the shine uv his love
 divine wuz the only thing to do.

Jed didn't believe in goin' to meetin'
 without your heart wuz filled with love
 For every human bein' and for the
 Lord ez wuz above.
 Sed. "If folks allowed the flower uv
 love to be blighted by vanity
 They wuz takin' durned long chances
 in the race for eternity."

He wuz what you call a graduate from
 Nature's common skule,
 Brought up to measure his feller man
 by the butyful Golden Rule.
 Sed: "If you want to enjoy the confidence
 and love of your feller man,
 Your deeds must be like your linen—
 and your linen spick and span."

Ev'ry man ez knowed old Jeddy wuz
 a better man, becuz,
 He wuz allus a-wishin' he could be jist
 as Jed Perkins wuz.
 So Jed uster say, in his quiet way,
 "Don't let kindness die abornin'.
 With your head in the air, make your
 silent prayer uv the simple words,
 'Good Mornin'."
 "Good Mornin' is a sort of tonic,
 good for all the ills you've got;
 Like the dew ez cumns daown from
 Heaven, you can have it ez well ez not.
 Thay ain't no patent on it, held by
 any man or men,

But it's a tool ez you'll have to sharpen
 by a-usin' it now and then.''

'Say it jist ez if you meant it, with
 your voice chuck full of gladness.

Thay's a premium for them ez smiles,
 but the world's discountin' sadness.

Ez a partner for 'Good Mornin',' just
 smile, deep, long and broad—

Sort of singin' scintillation uv the
 joyousness of God.''

Well, 'twas 'baout the time that Lee
 surrendered, 'long in the spring of '65,
 Bill Higgins cum home with both legs
 off—poor feller wuz jist alive.
 Bill's mother wuz a widder, and Bill
 her only son,
 "Wuz struck by a shell at Five Forks,"
 is the way the story run.

The legacy Bill's father left wuz a
 mortgage on the place,
 And that mortgage et lines uv sorrow
 in the widder Higgins' face.
 That fall the settlin' time come 'round,
 and the money wuzn't there.
 The sorrow in the Higgins' home wuz
 joined by deep despair.

Well, thay say it's allus darkest jist
 afore the light appears,
 And that happiness kin smile through
 the mist of sorrow's tears;
 But uv all the happiness ez ever cum
 to these reservashun diggin's,
 The brightest ray moved in one day
 on the widder uv William Higgins.

Thay wa'n't no tinklin' symbols used
 for to let the nabors know
 Ez haow Jed Perkins had cum to town
 and had brought along the dough
 For to pay the Higgins' mortgage and
 to ease the widder's mind;
 Oh! no; he didn't make no show, euz
 Jed Perkins wan't that kind.

The ole mare stopped at the hitchin'
 post 'fore Jed could holler "Whoa."
 She'd heard the tune he wuz singin',
 and she orter seemed to know
 Ez haow her master's mornin' mission
 had the ring uv a thing sublime—
 Sort uv a smilin', shinin' echo from
 the halo of the Divine.

Poor Bill wuz a-settin' out in the yard,
 in the shade uv an elm tree,
 And the widder sat beside him, thinkin'
 uv the mortgagee.

“Good Mornin’, Jed,” the widder said,
 “Glad to see you, how d’ye do?
 Better set on the bench over yonder,
 cuz the grass is wet with dew.”

“Well, the dew to the grass is a heavenly
 blessin’; guess it’s good
 for you and me;
 So I’ll sit right here in the grass and
 take the place of the mortgagee.
 And if you’ll jist count this money over
 so’s to see that it’s all here.
 I’ll steal daown the street, greet the
 folks I meet, with my early mornin’ prayer.”

Not a word wuz spoke by either, but
 the look in the widder’s eyes
 Meant a ticket for Jed Perkins to them
 manshuns in the skies;
 And a-lookin’ into the future far ez a
 feller’s allowed to see,
 I’d ruther be in Jed Perkin’s boots
 than the boots of that mortgagee.

So I jist want to say in passin’ ez
 haow if you should ever go
 To that place where life is eternal and
 where the waters cease to flow,
 And see on the right of the
 Infanite, a familiar face adornin’
 When the anthems ring and the
 angels sing, Old Jedd will say “Good Mornin’.”

All the while Uncle Hez was reading the last two verses, Lem was poking away at the stove, although it still lacked almost three hours of the usual time for shaking it down for the night. Drawing his fore-finger suspiciously close to his nose, he finally said, “Uncle Hez, thay’s a better sermon in that air piece of poetry than Elder Simpson hez preached since he cum here most a year ago. You know every word ez he writ ‘baout Jed Perkins would be gospel truth if applied to you. You’ve allus lived ‘bout sich a life, and it kinder makes me ‘shamed when I think thay ain’t more folks jist like you.”

“Oh, I dunno, Lem, thay ain’t nothin’ ‘baout me, ‘cept bein’ a natural man, that’s all. If folks would jist *be* and *live* what they *really are*, thay’d feel a durned sight better and the world

would be a better place to live in. Now you see the heart of that air city chap waz all right, but I don't s'pose ez haow he'd ever tuk time enough to take an inventory of himself and see jist what he really wuz. It jist needed that air convershun with me in the early morning when his thinking machine wuz in workin' order, to sort uv git him to goin' the right way. Its the same with lots uv city folks, I s'pose. They're naturally good-hearted, but thay let the cobwebs uv indifference clog up the flues uv their hearts so thay don't draw good. Then, first thing they know, the fires of brotherly feelin' begin to git low, and sometimes go out altogether. Gess mebby that's haow Jed Perkins figgered it out when he sez:

"With your head in the air, make your
daily prayer,
Of the simple words, 'Good Mornin'.'"

"So some city feller's comin' 'round lookin' at Asy Cumminsces place, be thay? Well, mebby ez haow 'twould sorter stir up things in Kendall's Corners if we wuz to have a few folkses movin' in."

"Why, yes, Uncle Hez," said Lem, "you've allus been a strong advocate of the march of progress, and mebby ez haow it's goin' to strike. If it does, like as not Toby Williams'll be askin' of it to wait till he's finished a game of quoits so's he kin see it go by. Besides, it'll be the means of bringin' you a new nabor, and if it does, I hope it won't be some feller ez is allus borrowin' your scythe and forgettin' to bring it back home."

"Let 'em come, Lem, let 'em come. I'll be ready with the right hand of fellowship and a full pork barrel if they're needy. My grand-darter Amy wuz sayin' only a few days ago ez haow she drempyt Kendall's Corners wuz a big village with a fire engine and one of them air movin' pictur shows ez folks tells about, but I told her I guessed it wuz the result uv her garndma's pancakes being soggy. Well, I've got to be goin'. It's 'baout time to fodder up for the night. So long, Lem."

"So long, Uncle Hez."



He and Asy Cummings were gathered around the home stake with the game "nine and"

CHAPTER VI.



TRUE to the prophecy of Uncle Hez and his observations on Candlemas Day, there was an early spring. Lem Huckins found eggs coming in freely in exchange for groceries, and Toby drove his stakes and pitched his first game of quoits on Washington's birthday, something unheard of in years.

While he and Asy Cummings were gathered around the home stake with the game "nine and," each talking and gesticulating wildly, and the station agent measuring to see which quoit was nearest to the stake, two well-dressed strangers appeared upon the scene and quietly

stood observing the controversy going on between the contestants.

As their presence became noted, the station agent declared a tie and that it would be necessary to "pitch it off" to decide the winner. The strangers were Ned Campbell and Allison, his son. Seeing the men about to proceed with the game, Mr. Campbell spoke up, saying, "Can either of you gentlemen direct us to the residence of Mr. Asy Cummings?

Asy spat on his hands and stooping over to pick up his quoits for one last mighty effort, said, "Gess mebby ez haow I kin tell you where he lives, but he ain't to hum."

"Well, perhaps you can tell me where or how I can locate him," suggested Mr. Campbell.

"Well, stranger, if its Asy Cummings you're lookin' for, you ain't got fur to look, cuz I'm him, but 'tain't no use tryin' to locate him till he's showed Toby Williams ez haow he's the champeen quoit pitcher of Kendall's Corners."

Seeing that this was the place where if pleasure interfered with business, the people gave up business, Mr. Campbell smiled and prepared to await the finish of the game. There was considerable discussion as to who should have the first pitch, but it was finally decided in favor of Toby. Measuring the distance with the eye of one who appreciated that his title of champion was in the balance, Toby dropped one in about four inches from the stake.

"Gess mebby ez haow you'll know you've been pitchin' quoits if you beat that one, Asy," said he.

As Asy's first quoit flew through the air, it struck squarely on top of the one Toby had placed so handsomely, and glancing, landed several feet from the goal. There was a look of mingled disgust and determination on Asa's face, while Toby was wearing a smile of satisfaction which reached from ear to ear. With a confidence that was evident to the onlookers, Toby placed his second quoit still nearer the stake, so that scarcely two inches separated him from a "hubber."

"Asy Cummings, you might jist ez well go 'long and do bizness with them gentlemen, cuz you never seen the day you could defeat the descendant of Roger Williams pitchin' quoits," said Toby with a feeling of exultation.

Asy was clearly affected by the splendid work of Toby and the remarks of those standing by. If he lost, he would feel an added humiliation by reason of the fact that there were strangers present.

Stepping back a pace and standing squarely behind the stake, he carefully measured the distance, and swinging his arm twice to make sure there were no "kinks," he lifted his quoit well up in the air and watched it in its course. True to the mark it flew, and in an instant the station agent's voice rang out clearly with "A ringer, Asy, it's a ringer."

Toby stood for a moment as though rooted to the soil. As the full force of the fact that he had been defeated dawned upon him, he said, "I've never believed what some folks has said, 'baout there bein' a millenium, but when it comes to pass that a Cummings beats the descendant of Roger Williams, I'll believe anything, includin' the story of Joney and the Whale. Thay'll be no more quoit pitchin' 'raound these parts ontil Town Meetin' Day, which'll be on the fust Tuesday next month. If the kind Providence ez keeps watch on 'em ez pitches quoites 'raound these corners don't cover this mundane speer with snow more'n two feet deep, these stakes'll be set for a champeen game betwixt Mr. Tobias Williams, direct descendant of Roger Williams, formerly of Salem, Massachusetts, and Mr. Asy Cummings, the winner today."

With this proclamation of war and a look of defiance at the winner, Toby pulled up his stakes and ringing his four quoits upon one of them, went into the blacksmith shop and started riviting a wagon tire just for spite.

After Asy had received the congratulations of those assembled, Ned Campbell turned to him and said, "When I left New York this morning, I little thought I would be treated to such an exhibition of skill as you shave shown here, Mr. Cummings, and I want to congratulate you."

"Thay ain't much else a feller can be treated to 'raound these corners, 'ceptin' ez you say exhibishuns of skill, unless it's 'raound harvestin' time. When the mowin' machine is singin', or the eradles are swingin' 'baout the fust of August, a feller might git treated to a little hard cider, but that's limited as to the time and quantity," said Asy.

"Well, now that we've become acquainted, I will take the liberty of telling you the nature of my business," continued Mr. Campbell. "I have here a letter of introduction from a real estate agent down in New York. He tells me that Mr. Cummings has a small farm of about fifty acres that he is offering for sale. As I contemplate moving into the country in the near future, I concluded to run up here and look it over. I take it you are the gentleman referred to. Am I correct?"

"Reckon ez haow yon be," answered Asy, "leastwise thay ain't no other Cummings 'raound these corners ez anybody knows of. You see I've been livin' here nigh unto forty-one years. Polly Ann ez wuz—that wuz my wife's name—departed this life 'baout two years ago. Since the partnership broke up, it's been kinder lonesome out here on the farm, so I sorter made up my mind to sell out and move into the village. Corse 'tain't more'n a mile, but it's quite a tramp in the winter time gettin' up to the store and back. If my boy Hank had stayed to home, mebby things would have been different, but now I'm gettin' 'long in years, and I kinder thought mebby I'd sell out."

"In which direction is your farm, Mr. Cummings, and may we see it?" asked Ned.

"See it, why, yes, you kin see it from here. It lays right up on that rise of ground, right up yonder," answered Asy, pointing towards a white painted farm house of good proportions about three-quarters of a mile from where he was standing. "You see, my father built that house jist arter the war, when I wuz a youngster. He'd made money in the grocery bizness, and thinkin' ez haow he'd like to settle down, he come up here and located. I got married and my boy Henry growed up and moved away to the city, and I ain't seen him in ten years. Polly Ann's gone, and thay ain't much attrackshun there any more for me. So a while ago that real estate feller

wuz 'raound and I sed I'd sell if the right man came along and wanted to buy. Yes, if you have a noshun of buyin' a place mebby ez haow you'd better walk 'long up that way and look over the ground. Like ez not you won't be very anxious arter you've got in closer touch. You know some feller wrote onet on a time 'baout distance lendin' enchantment to the view, and I've sorter found that hoofin' of it for a couple of miles in bad goin' sorter takes off the rosy look what them air city chaps paint in their advertisin'."

With this cold douche put upon the prospective purchaser of the farm, the trio started up the road, while the villagers who had been watching the game had a chance to express their views on what the outcome of these "city fellers" visit would be.

As they neared the farm, Allison ventured to ask the price, although the agent told him it would be \$1,700. Mr. Cummings at once verified this statement and added, "I've sort of got sot on the idea of havin' \$1,500 out at six per cent. Now if the place suits you, and you've got \$200 to pay down, why, I'd jist ez soon have the mortgage on the old place ez some where else. All I care 'baout is enough down so's to bind the bargain."

It seemed an incredibly short time before they reached the house, although the walking was not such as Allison and his father were accustomed to. The face of each was glowing with the exertion, and each glaneed at the other with a look of interrogation as they took in the general lay of the land.

The house, an "old settler" and of colonial type, sat upon a rise of ground commanding a splendid view of the country for miles around. It faeed the east with a spacious living-room enjoying a fine southern exposure, and pine, hemlock, maple and majestic old elm trees, many of which were a part of the original forests, surrounded the ample grounds. The barns and out-buildings were of very little account. To the north, about six hundred feet from the house, at the foot of the slope leading away to the north and east, a stream of water was running along, muddy and swollen by the spring thaw, with second growth trees of various kinds just as nature had grown them along its bank. A wood-lot of goodly proportions extended across the westerly end, while fruit trees of all kinds were sparsely scattered about the buildings.

Asy was weleomed by a Scotch collie that seemed to look at the strangers and then into his master's face with an inquiring expression. The water supply was examined and tested. Close

scrutiny was given to the cellar which was found to be perfectly dry. The house had been shingled two years before with the "best red cedar shingles to be found at the County Seat," as Asy said. A coat of paint would be required to properly preserve the wood, although the appearance was that of a white house. While Allison and his father examined every portion of the house and premises, Asy stood leaning back against the veranda, whittling away at a piece of pine siding.

As the men from the city rejoined him, he said, half musingly, "No, thay ain't much here any more for me, and I ain't got many years left. I'd allus thought ez haow Hank would come back some day and mebby git spliced to Uncle Hezzy Walter's grand-darter, and then some day thay'd have both farms. Uncle Hez's got 'baout a hundred and forty acres and with my forty it would be quite a place, but thay's many a slip between the cup and lip—ez the old sayin' goes—and I gess mebby it's so."

"Well, Mr. Cummings, from the inspection we have made, we feel quite favorably impressed," said Mr. Campbell. "Of course, there are many things necessary to do in order to make an old house like this as habitable as city people are accustomed to, but those details are things quite easily worked out after all. I suppose if we should conclude to purchase, we could get possession within a reasonable time?"

"Oh! yes, thay ain't nothin' much for me to move. Corse I'd hafter know afore the fust of April, euz judgin' from the looks of things, we're goin' to have an early spring. I'd want to be gettin' out the manure on the corn ground, puttin in a few oats, and a trimmin' up of the orchard."

"There would be no question about that, because if the weather should keep mild, we might want to come before the first of April," said Mr. Campbell.

"All right, suit yourself. I s'pose you kin do the bizness with that air real estate feller, and if thay's any papers to be signed, why I kin take 'em afore Squire Hibbard, and he'll fix 'em up. I'd ask you to stay for supper, but you'll hardly find my larder ez well stocked ez it uster be when Polly Ann wuz lookin' arter things."

"Thank you just the same, Mr. Cummings, but we couldn't stay as we haven't any too much time before our train goes back. If it's necessary to come out again in order to close matters up, we'll try to come on Town Meeting Day, so as to see that match game of quoits between you and Mr. Williams."

The old gentleman laughed heartily at the mention of the quoit game, and as he threw away the remnant of his pine board and closed up his jack-knife, he said, "Toby allus reminds me of a big buff cochin rooster Uncle Hezzy uster have. I never took to chickens much, and jist kept a few hens for aigs in the spring. Well, sir, that air cochin allus looked ez if he wuz all swelled up with pride cuz he wuz the only rooster on the hundred and ninety acres. One time Polly Ann got a settin' of aigs of Squire Hibbard's wife and hatched out about a dozen. We kept one rooster and et the rest. He wuz one of them air white leghorns, and the liveliest feller I ever seen. It was 'long in the spring of the year and I had sowed some seeds down in the garden patch. That air buff cochin comes along down with a few hens one day prepared to scratch 'em up. Well, soon ez he'd got onto the patch, he throwed out his chest and announced his arrival. From his ackshuns, me and Polly sort of made up our minds ez haow thay wuz trouble brewin', cuz our white leghorn feller heard him and started out investigatin'. Well, to make a long story short, ez the feller sez, long ez thay wan't another rooster around, Uncle Hezzy's buff cochin wuz a big feller; but, afore our white leghorn had stopped his hostilities, that air big rooster had breathed his last on top of a hill of cucumbers I'd planted a few days afore."

Again laughing heartily, the old gentleman bade good-bye to his visitors, twined his fingers in the golden fur of his collie's neck, and wended his way to the stable.

Allison and his father were soon back in the village and waiting for the train which was to take them away from their future home.

It was an important session of the Campbell syndicate that was held on the evening of Washington's birthday, and the hour of midnight had passed before quiet had settled on the household. Allison had gone into the details as to the rental value of the Cummings' house, based upon the purchase price. Seventeen hundred dollars at six per cent meant one hundred and two dollars per year. Taxes and insurance were twelve dollars per year, making their home cost them for rent just about nine dollars per month.

In other words, based upon an investment of seventeen hundred dollars, they would pay nine dollars each month for a house in which to live and the use of forty acres of land, thirty of which could be profitably cultivated. It was well drained land, therefore admirable suited for poultry. This was Alli-

son's end of the syndicate operations. To all sorts of questions he had a ready answer, and to the suggestions frequently made that he keep theory well guarded, else practice might prove its error, Allison proved his position at every point. The last long discussion referred to the financial feature of the enterprise and ways and means. Nine hundred dollars—that was all they had.

"How," asked his mother, "can you ever hope to pull through on such an amount?"

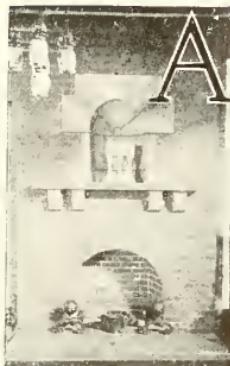
The financier of Chickendom replied, "Mr. Cummings will take a mortgage for \$1,500, which will then leave us \$200 to pay in cash. After this is paid, we will own, mind you, mother, own a home and have \$700 left. One hundred dollars will move us, and \$300, with what we'll produce, will keep us for one year. Give me \$300 for a foundation, stock, feed, appliances and a start of one year on that forty acres, and I'll never ask father for a penny."

"Well, son," said his father, "I have spent considerable money in trying to give you an education. The Agricultural School was not my choice. You have selected your field of operation. You have had two and one half years of both theory and practice. Frankly, I have yearned many a time for just such a life as our plan will provide. I have always claimed that there is no limit to the possibilities of a man in earnest, and you seem to be in earnest. The place suits us; the price is reasonable, and every dollar in the bank is subject to the call of the syndicate. I can see hard sledding ahead for awhile at least, but I'm banking on your judgment for better days. See the real estate agent in the morning and have him prepare the papers for Mr. Cummings' signature so the matter may be closed up promptly and may the outcome be all that we have hoped it might be."

"Good night, dad, and never fear the result. I'm only eighteen, but living with you has given me the judgment of thirty. My life seems all wrapped up in this enterprise because it means so much for all of us. It will mean better health for mother, a life of independence and no more hard work for you. It may mean something to me besides the happiness that I always find in doing for you. Mr. Cummings said his father lived there and raised a family. He has lived there and raised his son to manhood. It's more than barely possible that other families may be born under that old roof and that some of them may call you "grandfather."

CHAPTER VII.

"Heaven from all its creatures hides the book of Fate."
—Shakespeare.



T this time it may not be amiss to consider for a moment the part that Fate was playing in the affairs of the Campbell family. Two and one-half years before that eventful night when Jim Lytle had told Ned Combell that his services would be no longer required, his only son had elected to take a course at the agricultural college. It was not his father's choice, and seemingly it was by the merest accident that this course was decided upon.

In Collier's Weekly an article had appeared which pointed out the possibilities of life in the country. It had been written by a man whose knowledge was such as to warrant the acceptance of his views as a guide for those having an inclination for agricultural pursuits. Not only were the financial returns very remunerative, but the outdoor employment made for healthful development of mind and body. This, to Allison, seemed a great inducement, for, as he argued, what is there in life if good health is not enjoyed? The article also portrayed what the result would be, when in a few years the great centers of industrial activity became so densely populated as to make the supplying of food one of the very grave questions of the hour.

But that which appealed most strongly to Allison's youthful, but well developed mind, was the element of independence. The alarm clock ringing at 6 a. m., the blowing of the whistles at seven o'clock, calling the employed to their daily tasks, had long seemed to him like a bell of bondage for his father. So that when he decided to take his agricultural course, it was after mature deliberation. Ned Campbell had laboreed earnestly, honestly and faithfully for his employers. As he entered the shop on the morning of December 22nd, the sky of his future was unclouded so far as his stay with the company was concerned. Without warning and for no cause traceable to any act of his, he was suddenly cut off from his source of revenue in mid-winter.

As he wended his way homeward that Christmas Eve there was not a thought as to what the future would be. Often had he indulged in hopes as to what it might be. In this respect he found much enjoyment in the apt saying, "Where there is no hope, there is no endeavor." With Ned Campbell hope would ever find its finest seed-bed, for endeavor was of him a part always prominently developed.

In the discussions which took place in the Campbell home, it was a condition that confronted them. The requirements of the every-day existence in a great city made labor necessary. Something must be done. Through the days that intervened from Christmas week to the day in February when he had visited Kendall's Corners, many and varied had been the suggestions coming to his mind. Mingled ever with these was the picture presented by the enthusiasm of Allison and the remembrance of his own earlier life on the farm.

Returning to New York on the train, and all the evening after the arrival, he seemed possessed of a feeling of contentment which he had not experienced since his dismissal from service nearly two months before. After his talk with Allison and the suggestions as to what might happen under the roof of the old Cummings' house in the future, he was indeed in a happy frame of mind. Even in this regard, had he but known it, the Fates were again at work spinning a web for the future.

The next morning at breakfast, the subject was again fully canvassed. Mother willingly acquiesced in every plan made, entering heartily into the enthusiastic castle-building indulged in by Allison.

"It would be too bad to spoil any of those fanciful dreams of youth," she said to her husband, "besides, when you take away the rainbow hues of imagination, you administer a sedative to human endeavor."

Scarcely was the morning over before father and son started for the office of the real estate agent. Instructions were given exactly as outlined by Mr. Cummings. The purchase price was to be \$1,700, a purchase money mortgage was to be given back for \$1,500, with a down payment of \$200. The insurance, which had two years to run, was to be transferred and title given to Mr. Edward Campbell and Mary Campbell, his wife, as "tenants by the entirety." In case of the death of either, the title would vest in the survivor, and finally their only heir at law, Allison Campbell. Possession was requested for March 15th. The real estate agent required a down pay-

ment of \$50, which was drawn from the bank account, the balance of \$150 to be paid when the papers were passed and possession given.

Contrary to what might reasonably have been expected, there was not a single expression of regret from any member of the syndicate as they prepared for their departure from the city. Indeed, a sense of restfulness had made itself apparent in the countenance of each as the packing of the household goods progressed and the day for moving drew nearer. There was no thought of being lonesome. Such an idea had been suggested, but it was at once scouted as out of the question. They had each other, and then there was *work* to do. There was the necessity for production, and as some one said, "A people never fairly begin to prosper until necessity is treading on their heels." With only \$600 left in the bank after paying moving expenses, "necessity" was indeed "treading on their heels." Here was a situation where there must needs be alertness for today and apprehension for the future. A portion of every day was spent by Allison in going over his note books and the bulletins of the experimental stations which he had collected and which appertained to the raising of poultry.

Every day, as the sun mounted higher in the heavens, its warmth soon became apparent in the fields and upon the trees, while anxiety filled the hearts of the inexperienced trio for the moving day to come. The papers had been sent to Mr. Cummings. They had been signed and acknowledged before Squire Hibbard according to schedule, and the Squire had taken them to the county seat and had them recorded.

In the meantime, Kendall's Corners had been the center of much excitement. Town Meeting Day had come and gone. Lem Huckins had been once more "elected constable," and once more Asy Cummings downed Toby Williams pitching quoits. Several sessions of the Kendall's Corners Social Club had been held at Lem's store to discuss the sale of Asy's farm, and the further fact that he had gone in with Lem Huckins as a partner in the grocery business. The defeat of Toby was a much discussed matter. When the last quoit had been pitched in the championship game, and Asy was declared the winner, Toby was a changed man. As he slowly pulled up the stakes and quoits, he handed both stakes and quoits to Asy, and said, "Ase, I've allus allowed ez haow blood would tell, but it don't seem to apply in this here game. Now, pitchin' hez allus been my long suit, and bizness didn't count much when thay was

any pitchin' goin' on. If I'd paid ez much attenshun to shoein' horses and settin' tires ez I have to tryin' to make a champeen of myself, why mebby I'd have a farm to sell to some city feller. I guess mebby 'tain't too late now, so from this time on, instead of pitchin' quoits half a day fer a paper of terbaceer, why I'll tend to bizness and *buy* my terbaceer." That was Toby's last game, and true to his word, the anvil has been ringing merrily every day since.

After Asy had found that the farm had really been sold, he lost no time in making the fact known to Uncle Hez and Lem Huckins. Where he was to go was a much mooted question, until one day Uncle Hez suggested that he and Lem ought to join forces and enlarge the store.

"You see, Lem," said Uncle Hez, "if you only had a pardner, you could git out in the summer and put a wagon on the road. I seen ez haow the feller ez runs a grocery daown to the county seat allus runs a wagon in the summer and swops groceries for aigs and butter. You're right handy to the railroad, and I'll bet you'd make money sendin' 'em to the city."

This opened up a new field for Lem heretofore unthought of, and he was ready for it. Asy was just as interested in securing a home for himself and was also pleased to have some "chorin'" to do. Thus it was that the Cummings' house was vacated on the 10th of March and ready for the occupancy of its new owners.



"Right up yonder on the hill is your place."

CHAPTER VII.



THE 11th day of March witnessed the placing of the Campbell's personal belongings in the car ready for transportation. The 12th and 13th the family was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lytle. The morning of the 14th three tickets were purchased for Kendall's Corners, and the local train deposited the Campbell trio at the station at 10:45 A. M. The date of their arrival had been communicated to Asy, and as the train pulled out of the station, he and Uncle Hez were there to greet the new-comers. Asy introduced them to Uncle Hez, and after the exchange of friendly greetings, Uncle Hez said, "Mr. Campbell, you'll find we're regular country folks up here, but such ez we've got you kin have. Thinkin' ez haow the walkin' wouldn't be fust class for your wife, I've brought daown the demoerat wagon to take you folks up to your new abode. My granddarter wuz sayin' ez haow you'd be sorter up-sot settlin', and we're expectin' ez haow you'll make yourselves at home with us till you've got your beds up and your carpets down."

"Well, that's surely very kind of you, Mr. Walters," said Mrs. Campbell. "We were not expecting such a weleome from the neighbors. I presume it's beeause we don't *get* those things in the eity, that we don't *expect* them in the country. It's fully appreeiated I assure you, and very thoughtful of you."

As she finished speaking, Allison suggested that his father and mother proceed while he presented his bill of lading and arranged for some one to take the things up to the farm. This plan having been decided upon, Uncle Hez started off with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell while the junior member of the family "got busy."

As they drove along, Uncle Hez turned part way around in his seat, and addressing Mrs. Campbell, said, "I s'pose ez haow folks in the city don't git time to think 'baout their neighbors, do they? You see out here we sorter keep in touch with Nature and grow up accordin' to Nature's ways. When you're livin' that way, folks don't git riled up over trifles and there's something 'baout it ez takes away worry. Every time I look

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at the sky, the flowers or the trees, it makes me ashamed of gettin' mad, and makes me wish I could do something for somebody. Onet on a time our hired man took the lookin' glass and hung it on the side of the wood-shed while he was shavin'. The sun was shinin', and that air lookin' glass was throwin' a refleckshun on to the hoss barn door right where I was standin'. Now, while I was standin' there in the shade, I could feel the warmth of the sun from the refleckshun. It's a good deal so with Nature. She sorter seems to be allns reflectin' the goodness of the Almighty and warmin' up the hearts of folks if thay'll only stand so's the refleckshun can hit 'em. When we've been visitin' my boy Sam in New York City, I've sorter thought ez haow city folks didn't stand still in one spot long enough so's the refleckshun could hit 'em, even if 'twas there."

Without waiting for a reply to his philosophical soliloquy, he went on, "You see this place we're comin' to, Mrs. Campbell? That's the old Walter's homestead where I was born and brought up. Right up yonder on the hill is your place. Asy's father built that house soon arter my father located here, so you see we're old settlers. 'S'pose ez haow you'd like to drive right up and look things over afore dinner. It'll be some time afore the boy gits his fust load up, I guess."

"Yes, Mr. Walters, you know a woman's euriosity is a wonderful thing. I heard Mr. Campbell and Allison tell all about it, but a desription may or may not do justice to the object described, just according as the one giving it is normal or over enthusiastic. So I am exceedingly anxious to see for myself."

Scarcely had she finished speaking, when Uncle Hez reined the horses to the left and turned into the driveway leading up to what was now the Campbell mansion.

During the trip up from the station, Mr. Campbell had taken no part in the conversation. He had mentally made note of the fact that the three weeks of approaching spring since the first visit had already made the place more inviting.

Before alighting, Mrs. Campbell turned and looked off for miles across the fields and forests, already bursting forth with a suggestion of new life. A smile came upon her face, and seemingly drinking in its beauty and comparing it with the congestion of paved streets and huddled habitations of city life, she said, "Edward, isn't this beautiful! I feel better already, but come, let us go into the house."

Uncle Hez hitched his team of bays and joined in the inspection. There was little for him to inspect. He knew every

nook and corner. The thoughtfulness on the part of Asy that had brought Uncle Hez to the station with the family surrey had kept the "chunk stove goin' so's to take the chill off and keep things from gettin' damp." The inside of the house was warm and comfortable, reflecting the warm-heartedness of the man who had so kindly provided for the comfort of the Campbells.

As they finished their inspection and walked out onto the veranda for one more look over the fields, a wagon was seen approaching with the first load. It was now near dinner time, and as the wagon of household goods with Allison perched on the tailboard, hanging onto the leg of the dining-table, came to a halt, the blowing of the horn from the direction of the Walters' homestead told all that it was time to "wash up for the noon-day meal."

"These," said Allison, "can be unpacked while we are going back for the kitchen range and other articles, and if you don't mind, this gentleman who has kindly consented to do the hauling for us, will wait for feeding up until we get the range set up."

Supper that night was served in the Campbell home, and Sunday, the 17th, with the help received from Uncle Hez and his grand-daughter, found the Campbells in much more comfortable shape than one would imagine.

CHAPTER VIII.

BABY CHICKS OF QUALITY

To introduce, and make poultry keepers appreciate the quality of our offerings, we will sell 1,000 of our fine S. C. White Leghorn baby chicks three weeks old, for 25c each. First come, first served.

ROCK VALLEY POULTRY FARM

Safe Arrival Guaranteed



THOSE were trying times that marked the first few weeks after the arrival of the Campbells at Kendall's Corners. Muscles that had been little used while Allison was at school, found a new strain put upon them in the work of putting theory into practice. "Dad" Campbell was learning fast, and even before a fortnight had passed, the tonic of that pure spring air and real country life had made itself felt in the improved condition of Mrs. Campbell. Every lesson was really a new one because so many years had intervened since the days which marked their earlier recollections of life

with the land, and these days when they were back again as an actuality. But how happy they all were in learning. It would make most interesting reading were we to detail the experiences of this whole family, but as we are concerned only with those events which are properly a part of the story, we must confine ourselves to those, lest our current of thought be lost in the whirlpool of conflicting and ludicrous situations.

Al Campbell was, as Uncle Hez often remarked, "the busiest man out of jail." How to get his poultry venture started the first spring and thereby avoid the delay of a whole year, was a problem which had caused much thought and anxiety. The advertisement found at the beginning of this chapter appeared in the April number of a prominent poultry magazine, for which Allison had subscribed the month before.

Here was something that seemed to solve the problem of a "start." Reading the columns of the poultry magazines one evening after a hard day's work, his eye had alighted upon this bargain sale, and he was at once interested. As he read, the thought occurred to him that perhaps if he were to take five hundred chicks, the price might be shaded a trifle. With



The old shed was remodeled into a brooder house.

this in mind, an offer was mailed at once for \$100 for the five hundred chicks. Promptly came a reply accepting his proposition. The following day a remittance was made, covering the purchase price, and immediately he began preparations for their care upon their arrival.

The old shed, twelve feet wide and forty feet long, facing the south into the orchard, was remodeled into a brooder house for the chicks. The floor was covered with chaff from the old hay loft to a depth of eight inches. The shed was divided into eight pens each five feet wide, and a window put in the south side of each pen. What should be done for brooders? Allison did not wish to go to the expense of lamp heated brooders. The weather was unusually warm for that season of the year. An old oil stove had been brought from the city. In the event of a cold snap, this oil stove could be brought into play to increase the temperature inside the shed, so Allison decided to try the "fireless brooders" often spoke of by the lecturers at college.

A trip to the store of Lem Hukins with old Peter and the democratic wagon, solved the problem of brooders. Back to the farm came eight goodly sized soap boxes. It was the work

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of half a day to transform these boxes into fireless brooders. Pieces of burlap which had been wrapped around the furniture were cut into strips and fitted inside of the boxes so that the burlap would rest lightly on the backs of the little fellows when huddled together inside. Feed was procured from the mill, and when on Saturday morning the youngsters arrived at their new home, everything was in readiness for their reception.

What husky, hungry chicks they were! In less than twenty minutes after they had been divided up into flocks of sixty-five to seventy for each pen, the air was filled with dust kicked up by the activity of those five hundred chicks looking for a breakfast. They had been fed a liberal quantity of grain thrown into the clover chaff, and it didn't take them long to learn where to look for it.

And so, within thirty days after the Campbells had taken up their abode where the morning sunshine is not filtered through the smoke and dirt of commercial activities, the poultry venture had been really launched. With what exactness did Allison follow the teachings of the agricultural school, and how well did they serve him at this time. The chicks at the price paid were a decided bargain. They had passed the age when those dreaded diseases of young chicks make sad inroads upon numbers, and as the days passed, they seemed to thrive surprisingly. As Dad watched the younger member care for his flocks from day to day, he took lessons. He was taught that wholesome food and pure water were essentials to chick health; that activity was also conducive to growth, health and development; and he further saw demonstrated the fact that when the outside temperature was upwards of sixty degrees, lamp-heated brooders were not required in order to care for little chicks. In fact, they seemed to thrive better in their little box hovers than if confined under one artificially heated. The days sped by. Garden making, cleaning up around the house, and the care of those five hundred "bread winners"—as Allison called his chicks—kept everyone busy. Evening was the time for family consultations, and every Saturday night the finances of the family were fully considered.

July 4th witnessed an embryo celebration of the anniversary of American Independence, in which Uncle Hez and Amy joined. Lunch was spread out under the shade of the elms. Amy donated a plentiful supply of lemonade, and Uncle Hez exhibited a musket carried by one of his ancestors on that memorable 19th day of April, 1775, when that little band of

Revolutionary patriots met the British redcoats on the Commons at Lexington, Mass. Allison recited "The Ride of Paul Revere," and Dad contributed by reading "Grandmother's Tale of the Battle of Bunker Hill."

When evening came, Allison announced his intention of taking an inventory and of separating the young pullets of his flock from the young male birds. The senior Campbell was pressed into service, and a visit to the old shed which had long since been converted into a colony house by the removal of the box hovers and the installation of roosts was made. The inventory was completed just as darkness settled over the earth, and it showed two hundred seventy-six well developed pullets and two hundred and three cockerels, a loss of twenty-one from the original purchase of five hundred.

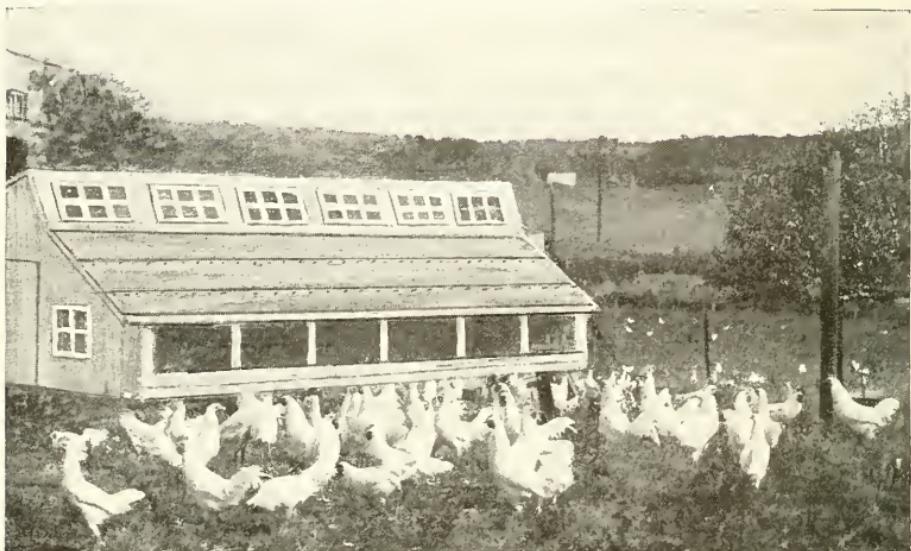
When the fireworks provided for the evening were disposed of and pleasant good-nights exchanged, Uncle Hez and Amy returned to their home and the Campbells went into "executive session."

The following day the young cockerels were removed to a part of the old barn, and the pullets given full and complete possession of the whole shed. A trip to the mill was made and an especially prepared food brought back, which was to be used in putting the "finish" on the cockerels preparatory to sending them to market.

It was on the evening of the 18th day of July that Allison said to his father, "Dad, this concern needs the service of a traveling salesman. Your first trip ought to be New York, and just how good you are at getting orders can be determined on your first trip. There are about two hundred choice roasters out there, weighing approximately two and one-half to three pounds each. Some large hotel down in the city would like these fellows at a good price, because they are in prime condition. Now let's see if you can make good. If you do, perhaps the syndicate will give you a job later on."

"Very well," said Dad Campbell, "I'll consider myself employed and my first trip will be tomorrow."

The following day at noon found the senior Campbell in consultation with the steward of the Hotel Manhattan. He was one of those gentlemen "from Missouri" that had to be shown, and the only thing he would say about the price was, "It all depends on quality. If they are choice, we can use two thousand as well as two hundred, and they are worth \$1.50 per pair. That's the top figure. If they are like the



This house was built in the orchard on a slight rise of ground.

general run, \$1.00 a pair is all you can hope to get for them. Send me two dozen pairs, and I will make remittance in keeping with the quality of your product."

This was not as satisfactory a result as Ned Campbell had expected, but it was the best he could do.

Upon his return home, Allison was delighted, because as he said, "That steward will find our roasters the finest he has bought this season. For the past two weeks they have been getting a special fattening food, suggested by the department experts, and they are certainly a fine lot."

Returns from the shipment proved that he was right. A letter with the remittance said, "We will take all you can produce like these and pay for them the very top price." This sale brought \$155.00, which paid for the five hundred baby chicks and all the feed required to carry the pullets to September 1st.

Hence on September 1st the Campbell firm would have two hundred ninety-six pullets—less any loss—that would have cost them nothing but the care from the time they were three weeks old.

September 1st found prepared for the winter quarters of the two hundred and ninety-six white leghorn pullets, a snug, open-front poultry house, built according to the latest approved

methods of the Agricultural College where "Al" Campbell had become so well grounded in the theory of poultry culture. This house was built in the orchard on a slight rise of ground and with a gradual slope to the south and east. It was of the open air type, sixty feet in length and fourteen feet wide, divided into three pens, twenty by fourteen feet, in each of which were placed ninety-five of the pullets. This provided two hundred and eighty square feet of floor space for each ninety-five fowl, or approximately three square feet for each one. The floor consisted of twelve inches of fine gravel upon which was placed, as soon as cold weather came, a goodly supply of bright oat straw to the depth of eight to ten inches.

Just before October 1st, the pullets were brought in from their colony houses and placed in winter quarters. Allison had been taught that pullets kept and depended upon for winter laying, should be put into their winter quarters and started laying before very cold weather set in, and his efforts were directed towards carrying this plan into effect. To do this, he adopted the theory of the Maine Agricultural College, together with its formulas for feeding. The first day after the pullets were brought into the new house, the whole Campbell syndicate spent most of their time admiring the white beauties, upon whose performance as layers of big, white eggs so much depended, and upon which they had pinned their faith.

"Never count your chickens before they are hatched," is a saying fully realized by all, and yet they found themselves counting the eggs they would surely get long before the first one had been laid.

CHAPTER IX.



ELIEVING that my readers would much prefer to learn what the result of the Campbell experiment was before being told how it was accomplished, I shall defer giving details, formulas, building plans, etc., until this romance of real life in the country is brought to a close.

As the days of Autumn began to grow shorter, more of the evenings were spent within doors, and frequently with the genial glow of the fireplace shedding its friendly warmth as an accompaniment to the laughter of love that was ever present in the Campbell home.

Very often of late, Al had suddenly looked up from his work of caring for his pullets, to find the face of Uncle Hez's granddaughter smiling at him with the merry twinkle of her brown eyes, saying more than words could possibly say; and, while Al was all devotion to his work, he was obliged to confess at times that Amy's sweet manner had left him in a state of mental confusion, such as made him think twice as to whether or not he had filled up the feed hopper in the third pen.

To help Al over his confused state, Amy would profess a deep interest in the chickens and ask all sorts of foolish questions just to get Al started in conversation and help him hide the blushes of which he was always so frightfully conscious.

For instance, upon one occasion she had the younger member of the Campbell syndicate in a terrible state of mind trying to formulate an answer to her inquiry, "Al, why is it that colored people are so very fond of poultry? Now you surely were taught that at the experimental station, were you not?" Al was obliged to admit that the subject was not down in the regular curriculum, and further, that his experience had never shown what the answer should be.

Turning to Amy, he said, "Well, Miss Wise, I'm afraid I'll have to give up your conundrum. I'm sure I know of no reason why colored people should be so very fond of poultry. Why is it?"

"Why, Al, how very stupid of you,—a supposed expert in poultry, and yet can't answer so simple a question. Colored

people love poultry for the same reason that white folks do, because they're such awful good eating."

The brown October days had been more than usually filled with sunshine, and Hallow-e'en at last arrived. Al and Amy had planned a little party for the evening, with the old-fashioned games and with the jack-o-lanterns made from big, yellow pumpkins, grown on the flats down by the creek. A few of the neighbors had been invited and among them a special invitation was sent to Asy Cummings, the former owner of the Campbell home. Toby, Lem, and in fact nearly all of the people around the Corners had been asked to join in drinking new cider and eating doughnuts for the making of which Uncle Hez's grand-daughter was truly famous.

As the shadows began to fall, the guests commenced to arrive. They found true hospitality speaking from every angle. If any of them had ever harbored the impression that folks from the city were "sorter stuck up," that impression was instantly dismissed, as they were warmly greeted by their city folks neighbors.

Uncle Hez was at his very best. This was an event that took him back to his boyhood days many years ago, and he watched with his keen old eyes ablaze with admiration little Amy radiant in her spotless white gown of muslin. As she had planned for the occasion, she became conscious of the fact that she wanted it to be especially nice "just on Al's account." Of course she couldn't have told you why, but she just did. It was no doubt her very strong desire in this regard, and the satisfaction of seeing the event take on such a happy atmosphere that heightened the color in her cheeks and made her look the really beautiful girl she was.

It was Amy's duty to stand by Mrs. Campbell and introduce the villagers as they came into the large, cheerful living-room, where the entertainment features were to take place.

Toby Williams was a little bashful at first, but after Mrs. Campbell had told him of how her husband had spoken so highly of his dexterity in pitching quoits, Toby began to take on his usual mantle of personal importance and warmed up to the occasion nicely.

Lem Huckins had on a new standing collar and a pair of patent leather shoes bought especially for the occasion.

After stopping to receive the kindly greetings of Mrs. Campbell and Amy, Lem had passed over near the fireplace where the men were congregated discussing the location of the new

railroad shops which promised to make Kendall's Corners a more important name on the time tables.

"Uncle Hezzy," said Lem, "I noticed that you got a letter from some feller daown in New York City this morning. I hain't seen his letter head afore, and I wuz wonderin' what you'd been writin' him 'baout."

"Oh! nothin' pertickler, Lem, only he'd advertised sumpthin' ez wuz sure to kill off pertater bugs, so I thought ez haow I'd write daown and git it."

"Well, did you?" asked Lem.

"Yes, I got his receet all right," answered Uncle Hez, smiling. "I guess it would do the bizness sure enough too."

"Is that so? S'pose even if it did cost you two dollars, you don't mind telling us the seeret, do you, Uncle Hez?"

"Oh! no, Lem, thay ain't much seeret 'baout it. The feller writ back and sed ez haow I better stop raisin' pertaters for a year or two, and then the bugs would all starve to death."

The laugh, of course, was on Lem, and Uncle Hez at last felt well repaid for the investment.

When the laughter was at its height, Asy Cummings, former owner of the Campbell home, appeared, and with him, one who was a stranger to Kendall's Corners. It was none other than his son Henry, who had not been heard from for more than ten years.

As Amy's eyes gazed upon the features of the man, who as a boy had drawn her to school on his sled and helped her with her examples in arithmetic, she gave an involuntary shudder and the color left her cheeks. Ten years in the city had transformed Henry Cummings so that even his father was not sure it was the boy he had fondly hoped would some day till the Walters' farm as the husband of little Amy. The cheekered suit of clothes and the red necktie told of an environment wholly alien to the peaceful homelike surroundings in which he found himself. Asy, his father, showed his consciousness of Hank's being out of his sphere, by his apologetic remarks about "bringin' some one along ez wuzn't invited." It did not take long for Amy to regain her composure, and out of a sympathetic regard for Mr. Cummings, every one joined in extending a hearty welcome to the stranger who had come back so unexpectedly.

Lem started the laughter once more by telling how "Toby Williams wuz allus takin' 'tother side of any argument ez wuz started down at the store."

"Why, Toby," said Lem, "You allus remind me of a mince pie when you git talkin' 'cuz you never agree with any one."

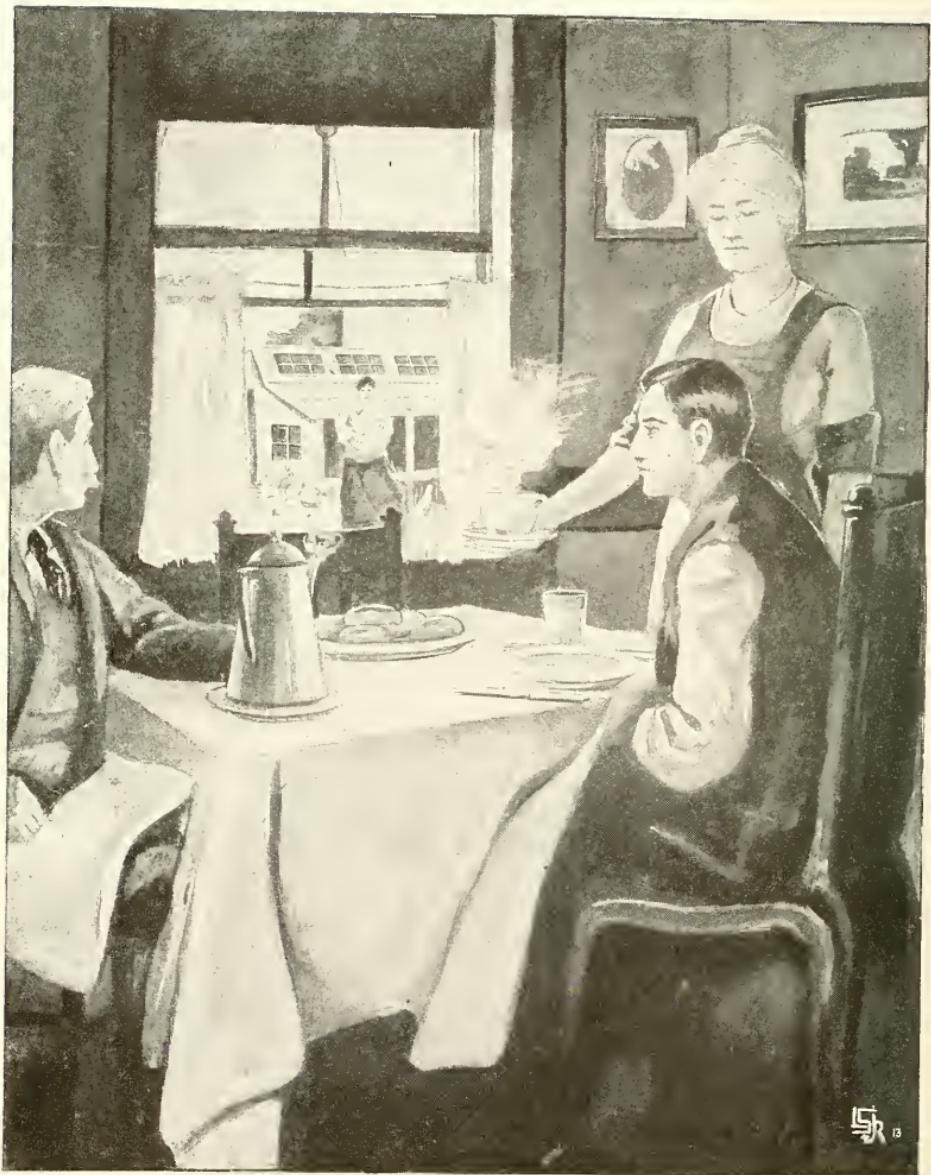
"Well, I notice folks eats 'em jist the same," answered Toby, "whether they agrees with 'em or not."

And so the evening wore on. The splendid things prepared for supper were eaten with a relish. Recitations and songs added to the enjoyment of the villagers until ten o'clock, when each guest took his departure with added feelings of neighborly kindness for the whole Campbell family.

Mr. Cummings and Henry stayed a little later than the other guests, to note the improvements made in the old home, and to keep Uncle Hez and Amy company going home.

As Henry Cummings had watched Amy Walters on this Hallow-e'en occasion and had listened to her rendition of the sweet old-time ballads, the finer sentiments of his earlier life were found battling with those coarser qualities developed by his environment during the years of his city life. He found himself thinking how good it would seem to be once again at home among real friends and neighbors. He found his thoughts again concerned with better things, and he dared even dream once more of his boyhood love for Amy. What was said by either himself or Amy Walters on that evening as they left the Campbell home, will never be known.

Two days later the train for New York carried the only son of Asy Cummings back to the city, that great whirlpool of social disorders, and he returned again to his old haunts where the bright lights of hellish hallucinations are ever trying to blind the eyes of God's human beings.



'I've found some eggs, I've found some eggs.'

CHAPTER X.



IT was one of those warm, hazy days that sometimes come in early November, and Dad Campbell had just returned from a trip to New York where he had gone to see his former friend, Jim Lytle, and to advise with him upon some contemplated change in his business affairs.

They were all partaking of the noonday meal, when they were startled by hearing the voice of Amy coming from towards the hen house, saying, "I've found some eggs, I've found some eggs. Oh! Goody, I've found some eggs."

Allison halted a small cargo of mashed potatoes which was on its way towards his hungry face, and bolted for the door.

Sure enough, there was Amy, all excitement, with a full half dozen white eggs nestling in her apron. Al was no less elated than Amy, because this was the moment he had long looked forward to when his pullets should begin to shell out their valuable fruit.

From that day on there was a steady increase in the daily production, until Thanksgiving Day found thirty dozen shipments being made once or twice a week. The same hotel that had been so anxious to secure their shipment of broilers, was equally eager to get their fresh eggs, because the quality was of the very best.

During the winter, feed formulas were carefully prepared and just as carefully followed. Cleanliness in the hen house was put down as one of the daily essentials to insure success. Dad Campbell through the constant reading of the poultry papers which came regularly to the Campbell household, became quite an expert poultryman. The crops of the season had all been harvested in proper time. The cellar was well stored with potatoes, cabbages, squashes, etc., while four nice hams added to the well filled pork barrel, insured an adequate supply of meat.

The Jersey cow, loaned to the family by Uncle Hez, gave an abundance of milk with which to supply the family needs and furnish good, rich cream for table use. Eggs, fine, fresh ones,

were a part of the daily diet, and healthful food and surroundings had stamped an unmistakable sign of health upon the countenance of each. Mrs. Campbell had never been so well, and as contentment so largely depends upon good health, the Campbell family was one wherein health and contentment joined hands with happiness and where each took up its abode. As Al often said, "Oxygen is as essential to life as food, therefore while there is so much of this life-giving element to be had free of charge, it's everybody's duty to get all they can."

The month of December with its Holiday festivity came, and there was many a mental review of the Xmas of the year before, when the senior Campbell had said good-bye to city life, with Hope before him as the only sunbeam by which to guide his future. January, February and March passed with the white beauties doing their full share to bring success to the Campbell venture. The sales for the four months of Winter had brought into the syndicate treasury the tidy sum of \$574.50, leaving a net profit after paying for feed, of \$455.90, or more than \$100 per month in payment for the labor expended in their care. Was this not ample pay for a work of love, where Allison Campbell was his own boss, and was building a secure foundation for his future? Are there not thousands of men today whose lungs crave the fresh air of the country, and whose children are being morally, mentally and physically stunted for the want of proper nourishment and healthful surroundings? Will this story not be to them like a ray of sunshine from out of a dark sky, and will it not be to them a message of uplift, comfort and encouragement? We believe it will, and if it is, our labor in its preparation will be fully paid.

One day in early March, Allison said to his father, "Dad, our commercial egg farm promises to be a splendid success. There is, however, another branch of the business I propose to turn over to you, and that is the breeding of standard bred fowl. I am fully convinced that with the Standard for your guide, with your natural ability, and the knowledge you have obtained of a practical kind this winter, you ought to be able to handle this branch of the industry nicely."

"That suits me to perfection," replied the senior Campbell, "and the sooner I can become a full fledged faneier, the better. I suppose I must leave the details to you as to the selection of a breed, etc., but if it's just the same to you, I prefer to take up the breeding of those big, beautiful birds known as White Plymouth Rocks."

"No better selection could be made, Dad, and I'll attend to the details at once," replied Allison.

From the proceeds of the sale of eggs that Spring, incubators were bought and \$60.00 expended in building an inexpensive brooder house. Right here we wish to say that one of the secrets of success in the Campbell poultry business was the use of *inexpensive houses and appliances*—home-made brood coops, home-made colony houses, and simplicity in all things. Another secret in our opinion was the adoption of the rule *not to hatch out a single chick before the 10th of April*. Then they can be cared for in the small home-made brooders at less expense, and the losses are much smaller. In other words, it is the *natural* hatching season, and the growth from that time on is very rapid. July 4th an inventory of stock on hand showed as follows:

282 Leghorn hens (yearlings)	at \$ 0.75 each.....	\$ 212.00
1210 Leghorn chicks	at .50 each.....	605.00
340 White Plymouth Rock chicks	at .50 each.....	170.00
3 Incubators	at 25.00 each.....	75.00
15 Male birds	at 1.00 each.....	15.00
		<hr/>
		\$1077.00

The profits from the White Leghorns up to this time had paid all expenses of eggs for hatching, purchased incubators, brooder and colony houses, bought a supply of food, enough to last until September 1st, and left a surplus of \$483.90 besides the value of the eggs used by the family.

These Spring months had been filled with one continual round of healthful activity. The crops had to be put in and the garden made, besides taking care of the incubators and young chicks. But how glorious was the promise of success!

When Autumn had again come, with its crisp air and mantle of brown, it found a family, than whom a happier one the sun in all its course did not shine upon. Each of the male members of the family strongly observed the rules of business learned in the city, and applied themselves eight hours each day to "doing something." October 1st inventory gave the following flattering account of assets, and their value was fairly and reasonably stated:

CAMPBELL & COMPANY,
BREEDERS OF HIGH-CLASS POULTRY.

From Commencement of Business to Oct. 1st of following year:

DEBIT.

To purchase of 500 baby chicks.....	\$100.00
Paid for feed, etc.	362.20
Paid for incubators	75.00
Paid for oil for incubators.....	9.80
Paid for male birds for breeders.....	15.00
Paid for W. R. eggs for hatching.....	60.00
Incidental expenditures	23.75

Total \$645.75

CREDIT.

By cash sale of 2,904 doz. eggs at 38c (average).....	\$1,103.52
(This included eggs used for hatching.)	
By cash sale of broilers.....	322.46
By cash sale of 274 old hens at 50c each.....	137.00
On hand 12 old male birds for breeders.....	15.00
On hand 238 Young Leghorn males at 50c.....	119.00
On hand 540 Young Leghorn pullets at \$1.00.....	540.00
On hand 190 White Rock, male and female.....	297.50
(165 females and 25 males.)	
On hand 2 Incubators, value \$30.00 each.....	60.00

Total \$2,594.48

Profit for first eighteen months of business, \$1,948.73, representing what the Campbell syndicate received for their work in eighteen months, and no account taken of eggs and poultry used for the table.

As Allison and his father sat going over these figures one evening in the early part of October, the senior Campbell said, "Well, son, this statement far exceeds my fondest hopes. Of course I have not contributed my share except by putting in crops and giving my full eight hours a day for the general good of the business. When next October rolls around, I hope to show you what those White Rocks can do, and watch out or I'll beat your Leghorns all hollow."

"I recall saying to Jim Lytle the night he handed me the blue envelope, a year ago last Christmas, 'If my services are worth \$1,800 per year to the Traction Company, I can surely make as much somewhere else.' And so I can. There is no longer any question about it. All doubts have been removed. The clouds of blackness have rolled by, and here we are all so

happy. God truly moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. What some folks would have called a streak of "bad luck," was simply a blessing in disguise. We are healthier, happier and better for this year and a half in the country, and I hope that some one will carry this story of sunshine and encouragement to my fellow men."

The net profits of the Campbell syndicate for the following year were \$4,521.62, divided as follows: Allison from his White Leghorn egg machines, as he called them, had cleared above all expenses in sales of eggs, broilers and stock on hand, the sum of \$3,109.25. Dad Campbell from his famous White Rocks had made the splendid profit of \$1,312.37 the first year, and in the third year of his breeding operations, his profits exceeded those of Allison from his egg machines by a goodly sum.

CHAPTER XI.



HERE was no Hallow-e'en celebration at "Happy House"—as the Campbell Syndicate had named their country abode—such as had taken place the year before, although Uncle Hez always claimed that the good saints were abroad on the night of October 31st, scattering their blessings with a prodigal hand.

On this particular evening, the old gentleman had partaken of his supper, read a few passages of Scripture, and then proceeded to apply a special dressing of wood-chuck oil to his calfskin boots so they would be in prime condition for "Town Meetin' Day."

Amy had been a little more spry than usual in doing up the supper dishes, and getting slicked up for any callers that might drop in to say "How d'ye do," or pay the interest on their mortgage. Her usual blue and white gingham was left on the hook, and her fresh, clean muslin was put on as for some special occasion.

"Seems ez haow you're a-slickin' up more'n usual tonight, Amy," said Uncle Hez. "S'pose mebby you're expectin' the young minister to drop in and talk over the weekly meetin' of the 'Willin' Workers,' ain't ye?"

"Oh, no! the minister was here this afternoon while you were busy cleaning up your oats, and he said to tell you that Toby Williams' widder had stopped wearing mourning since you overtook her on the way to Smithville and asked her to ride."

"Well, tarnation take it!" said Uncle Hez, "there it is agin. Cy Spooner wuz a-tryin' to chaff me 'baout Toby's widder yesterday. He sez, sez he, 'Uncle Hez, you know mournin' on a widder's bunnit ain't allus the sign of grief.' 'No,' sez I, 'an' jist becuz folks opens their mouths and talks ain't no sign ez haow they're saying sumpthin'.'

"I guess ez haow Cy seen I wuz sorter riled up, and he went 'long 'baout his bizness. If folks would spend the time readin' Scripture that they do indulgin' in idle gossip 'baout their neighbors, Amy, thay'd stand a lot better chance of in-

heritin' the kingdom of Heaven, and the World would be a durned sight better off."

As Uncle Hez thus delivered himself of this bit of farmer philosophy, there was a rap at the door, and Amy, seeming to know who was coming, said, "Come in, Al."

Sure enough it was Al, and in he came with a "Good Evening" greeting that was filled with such a combination of love laden inflection, as to leave no doubt in the mind of any one, as to just how he was feeling upon this particular occasion. It may not be amiss to say that the afternoon of this particular day had been spent by the young folks in gathering chestnuts from two trees that stood on the line between the two farms back by the wood lot, Al claiming that as the trees stood more on the Walters' line than on theirs, that Amy should have more than half of the nuts. "It may not make so much difference after all," said he, "when it comes to crack them."

"I see you are just as forehanded in greasing boots as you are in planting corn, Uncle Hez," said Allison, as soon as he had accepted a chair that Amy had placed at a convenient distance from her own.

"Yes, I reckon that's 'baout so, and besides, Allison, I jist want to say ez haow it takes the same good judgment to grease boots ez it does to make a speech. In either case you must forget all 'baout yourself and think either of the boots or the folks you're a-talkin' to. That's the only sure way of makin' an impression on either."

"Well, I'm glad of your advise, Uncle Hez, because I've come over here tonight to make a little speech, and as you are to be the audience, I'll just forget all about myself and think wholly of you. In that way, according to your theory, I may hope to make an impression."

"Of course you kin tell better arter the speech is made, but if you don't mind, I'll put a little more grease on the heel of this boot while you're speech makin'."

"Uncle Hez, if I should attempt any flowery talk, such as folks sometimes indulge in, I'm afraid you would be awfully disappointed in me as a speech maker, but what I want to talk about doesn't require anything but plain words to tell. You see I've been thinking a good deal of late about the cold winter that's coming on and the long winter evenings. They are sometimes lonely for mother, and besides——"

Allison got no further with his story, for as Uncle Hez tilted his chair around so he could get a better view of the speaker, he accidentally knocked over his basin of wood-chuck grease that sat on the stove; thereby sort of disconcerting the young man who had started out so smoothly.

"Well, I'll be durned," said Uncle Hez, "there goes fifty cents' worth of good grease, and I've tuk the shine all offen Amy's stove."

He had surely taken the shine "offen" Allison, and Amy seemed "sorter upset" herself.

When the wreckage had been cleared away, Uncle Hez had to tell a story about when he caught the chuek that produced the grease, and how he had grown fat in a field of red kidney beans. This had the effect to postpone for some time the story that was aching to be told. Finally, however, the conversation lagged and Allison again started in.

"As I was saying, Uncle Hez, I've been thinking for some time that our company needed one or two more members, and that maybe I could persuade you to take a share and let me take Amy as a sort of silent partner. We have lots of room, and of course you know—that is I suppose you do—how Amy has been getting dearer and dearer to me as the days have gone by, so that I've sort of come to feel that I can't get along without her. I've made good in my poultry venture. The future is bright with promise of better things to come, and I want Amy to share these things with me. I've thought it all out how we can all live together, and I am sure we would be happier."

As he finished speaking, Uncle Hez sat with his hands folded and his chin upon his breast, looking straight into the glowing coals in the stove hearth before him. Motionless he sat, and not a word did he utter. The stillness of the room was only broken by the tickling of the old clock and the beating of two young hearts that was almost audible.

After some moments, which to the young people seemed hours, Uncle Hez finally spoke, "So you want to take my little Amy over to the 'Happy House' to live—um—um—well, Amy, you seem to sorter look ez if you wuz willin' to hear the 'Amen' of the minister and the singin' of the choir, so I s'pose ez haow thay ain't much for me to say."

"But thay is sumpthin' ez haow I feel in duty bound to speak about rite here, euz it ain't the part of wisdom to have the skeleton of mystery appearin' jist when you want to listen

to the harmony of the weddin' bells. Amy, you ain't never heard much 'baout your father and mother, and ez a matter of fact, I'm 'baout the only father you've ever had, and your mother, well,—she died when you wuz a baby.' A sparkle was seen to appear in the old gentleman's eyes, and as it became larger, to gently roll down his wrinkled cheek. He waited a few moments, then gently brushed away the tears that had gathered, and proceeded.

"Your mother, dear, wuz my only child. We raised her with all the tender care that love could bestow on the thing it loved. She growed up to be a flower in our home, shedding the fragrance of a rose into our everyday lives. Mother—that wuz your grandma, Amy—and me uster set and watch her by the hour dressin' dollies, and wish that she'd allus keep little so's we could have her with us. But of course she kept growin', and one day we discovered ez haow our baby had become a young lady, wearin' long dresses."

"One day, 'long in July, I wuz hoein' corn outside the road yonder, and a feller cum along ez sed he wuz sellin' pianers. Our little Margaret wuz allns wishin' she could swap off her old melodeon for a pianer, and this oily talkin' chap didn't take very long to git me interested in the trade. He cum right up to the house and allowed ez haow it was a powerful shame to let our darter play on that air old music box, and that she wuz spoilin' her musical edicashun by so doin'. When he got through talkin', I wuz so ashamed that I told mother we'd sell our three fat steers and buy the pianer. I remember he stayed here two nights and three days afore he went back to town to see about selectin' and shippin' the instrument,—which we arterwards discovered wuz an inkybater of sorrer and dispair."

"Twant long afore it cum and that air feller with it to 'set it up and start it goin',' ez he said.

"He wuz a fine lookin' chap, and ez full of entertainment ez an egg is full of meat. He allowed ez haow he'd like to stay on a few days and drive around through the country, takin' orders for pianers, so I let him have old Peter—he wuz a colt then—and he uster take Margaret along to do the drivin' for him, bein' ez haow he wa'n't used to drivin' hosses. Thay'd started off one morning as usual, and 'long 'baout five o'clock in the afternoon, the stashun agent come ridin' up on his bisickel to say ez haow old Peter wuz hitched under the stashun shed and our little darter had tuk the express train

for New York City 'long with the pianer agent. The load of sorrer and grief ez haow that stashun agent left here on this farm that afternoon wuz a millstone 'raound the necks of your grandma and grandpa, for years to come.

"When the sunshine of our little darter's smile wuzn't here to brighten the pathway of life for mother and me, things took on a purty blue aspect all 'raound. It wuz several days afore we heard a word, and then cum a letter sayin' ez haow this city feller had told her 'baout the buty of city life, and haow she would shine ez an opery singer ez soon es he'd perfected her musical edicashun. Then follered a few lines sayin' ez haow thay'd gone down to a justice of peace daown in some New Jersey town and been married. Not a word wuz sed ez to her city address, so of course we couldn't write nor go to see her. Letters cum along onet in a while, but thay kept a-gettin' further and further apart.

"One day 'long in the followin' spring, jist ez the daffy-dills wnz a-comin' in bloom, we got a telegraf despatch from an undertaker sayin' ez haow my presence wuz wanted at a sartin place on Madison Avenue in the city and a-tellin' us to come quick. That's the last time I wuz in the city. I went and there I found Margaret a-layin' on a cold slab of marble and in a little baskit by her side was her baby. That baby wuz you. With aching hearts and tears of sorrer we laid her to rest daown yonder in the little burying ground, while the tender hands of lovin' neighbors covered the grave with flowers from the garden her little hands had planted years ago. With all the tenderness and love of a father and mother, we eared for you, Amy, and when you wuz ten years old, grandma died and wuz laid away beside our little Margaret. Your father wuz never heard of from that day to this, and of course, my feelin's towards city fellers ain't been none too friendly since that time. Now you know the story. I've told it to you in the presence of the man who wants you to jine him in a life pardnership, and if you think your happiness will be secure by the makin' of this bargain, of course you've got my consent and blessin'."

When the old gentleman had finished speaking, it was several minutes before the conversation was resumed. Allison was holding the sobbing form of little Amy, while Uncle Hez was trying to replenish the embers that had been gradually dying out during the narration of the facts which for many years had slumbered in his breast, unknown to the world.

"Gess I'll go out and see that the Jersey heifer has a little more fodder and bed old Peter daown for the night," said Uncle Hez, slowly rising and putting on his cap.

In the silence of a sadness such as had never before come into the lives of the young couple sitting there in the old Walters' home, they renewed their pledges of love for each other, with a tenderness upon the part of Allison such as only a human heart touched by sorrow can know.

Presently the sound of footsteps in the woodshed told of Uncle Hez's return, and rising to greet him with smiles that glistened through the tears of sadness, Allison's right arm holding the youthful form of his future wife close to his side, they received the blessing of Uncle Hez, one of God's real noblemen.

The following Christmas witnessed a simple wedding at the Walters' homestead, as a result of which Amy Walters became the wife of Allison Campbell, and Uncle Hez became a side partner in the Campbell Syndicate's poultry business.

CHAPTER XII.



ANY years have passed since the happening of those events. Uncle Hez is resting by the side of those who had gone before him to that place of perpetual happiness, where each shall "know and be known."

Under the spreading branches of those beautiful elms, play three youngsters whose happy voices are music to the loving parents and grandparents. Here was builded so well the foundation of a poultry business, that to-day Ned Campbell and his son, Allison, are rated as the most substantial, financially, of all the men in that township. The profits mounted higher and higher each year, until the income was many thousands of dollars annually. And so again has it been proven that seeming adversity was but a blessing in disguise, and that God in His wisdom truly "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

In bringing to a close this narrative which is founded upon facts, we would fail in our purpose if we did not furnish to our readers a synopsis, so to speak, of the methods used in securing the splendid results which Ned Campbell and his son achieved by going "back to the land" and devoting their lives to raising poultry. We hope that this story will carry to thousands of the world's toilers a message of uplift, comfort and encouragement. We want it to blaze the way for a new awakening to the *independence of life in the country*. We want it to result in thousands of young men shaking off the shackles of commercial slavery and placing their children where pure air, sunlight and the many things which God gives his people to live for, may become actualities and not dreams. Many a reader may find himself in the same position as did Ned Campbell on that Christmas Eve many years ago. Many of you are giving the best part of your lives to building up some other man's fortune, when you ought to be building your own. Many of you realize all that I have said to be true, and yet lack the courage to break away from your old bondage. Let this simple story, pointing its moral, be a lesson to all who read

it. Honest endeavor, properly directed, is bound to receive its just reward. Life in the country, following the Campbell methods, will bring comfort and independence to all who are earnest, and whose love for God and Nature find expression in the doing well whatever their hands find to do.

HOW TO DO WHAT THE CAMPBELL'S DID.

In the foregoing chapters of this book, we have given you the results of the "Campbell Co.," poultry venture, and throughout the story, you will find woven into its fiction, *some* of the simple requirements that go to make *success*.

That which follows, has to do with details; and we ask, as you sit down to read this part of the story, that you will do so with your mind prepared to take up carefully each suggestion, realizing that *each one* will make for your success, or failure, according as you follow or disregard them.

To begin with, the poultry business is in no way different from every other business, in this regard, to wit: you *must* have some knowledge of the business, otherwise you are doomed to disappointment from the start.

What, ask yourself, would be the result, if you were to embark in the grocery business, the dry-goods business, the drug business, or any other business, without the first idea as to its requirements?

Your good judgment will at once tell you that *failure* would be the logical outcome. The poultry business is no exception to this rule and yet the knowledge of *principles* may be readily obtained by a careful perusal of the best of the poultry journals, supplemented by the various bulletins of the experimental stations.

Young Campbell had his foundation laid in the knowledge obtained at the agricultural college, and the *very same* knowledge of *foundation facts*, may be obtained in the manner that I have herein suggested.

There is nothing intricate, or mysterious about it. Just patient and painstaking application of well known and well established principles that any man or woman of good common sense and a determination to succeed may easily apply.

If it is your desire to engage in the "fancy" end of the business, select such breed as your "fancy" may suggest. *Be sure*, however, not to take up the breeding of "fancy poultry" until you have mastered the details surrounding the breeding of "market poultry."

BUILDINGS.

I believe it to be true when I say that in all probability the highway of the poultry industry, has been strewn with more wrecks from an indulgence of expensive poultry buildings than from any other one cause. This is so for more reasons than one. In the first place, these expensive buildings are usually built for show rather than for

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practicality. Second, they hardly ever conform to the simple, yet *absolute* requirements of a "good" poultry house, in that they do not provide quarters that are at all times *absolutely dry*, well ventilated and free from *draughts*.

Poultry buildings should be inexpensive. They *must be dry*. They *must* be well ventilated and free from *draughts*. They should face the east and south in such a manner as to provide an abundance of sunlight during the short days of the Winter months, at which time sunlight is of so very great importance to the flock. The poultry house should be so located that there is perfect drainage to the end that there may be *no dampness*.

Within the brief space of Point No. Three we have told you of the *essential* things regarding "Buildings." The American Poultry Journal Publishing Co. of Chicago, will furnish you with the very best plans and details for poultry house construction and of buildings that are inexpensive.

Remember that the less your investment is the easier it will be to make your net earnings pay the interest upon that investment.

FOOD.

Under this heading you will find ample opportunity to use *every* bit of your good judgment if you would keep within the bounds of the realm of profitable feeding.

There are several elements that come under this head, and I shall make brief mention of each. Because this reference is "*brief*," is not to be taken as a reason for disregarding a *single one* of them because if you do, it will mean that you are simply dropping *facts* and flirting with your imagination.

Water. Eggs are about 80 per cent water. Hence, if eggs are to be obtained, water *must* be supplied in an abundance. It must be *fresh* and at all times kept free from filth.

Grit. It is in the gizzard of the fowl that the grinding process takes place of all the grains fed and eaten. It is by this grinding process that the food contained in the grains is assimilated and made to provide the elements that go to make up the "meat" of the egg. Hence "*grit*"—and plenty of it—must be provided.

Lime. The amount of lime that goes into the construction of the egg shell requires that an abundance of shell-making material *must* at all times be provided, and experience has shown that there is no one product that will do this so well as oyster shell, ground. Hard coal ashes are sometimes used and will do as a substitute for a short period if out of the oyster shell.

Sanitation. This simply means CLEANLINESS. You will please note that I have spelled this word with *capital* letters. I do this so that its importance may stand out in bold type because of its very great importance, especially where there are large numbers of fowls kept together.

Elbert Hubbard, the East Aurora Philosopher, says, "Cleanliness is not only *next* to Godliness but it *is* Godliness itself."

Clean litter. Clean dropping boards. Clean, wholesome air, and *clean quarters generally* will pay the biggest kind of dividends on the labor required to secure them.

Lice, mites, germs and filth of all kinds *must* be fought religiously.

To produce energy takes feed. Feed costs money. Energy expended in fighting lice is money *lost*, and that is *not* the road that leads to *success* in the Poultry Business.

FOOD.

Two purposes are to be subserved in the feeding of your poultry. *One* is to furnish a sufficient amount for the bodily economy of the fowl, and the *other* to provide just that additional amount that is necessary for the production of the egg.

Plainly here is an opportunity for the Poultryman to exercise all of that commodity commonly known as "horse sense," to the end that he may strike the proper medium and supply *just* the amount required for the purposes indicated and not *waste* the feed that costs money.

Later on you will find feed formulas that have the approval of some of the very best authorities on the subject of feeding and these are submitted for your careful thought and application to the particular branch of the business which you may pursue.

THE START.

If you have had no experience in the poultry business, start with a small flock. This is important on the same theory that no man ever made a good captain until he had first served his time as a private. No successful poultry business ever resulted from a plunge on a large scale. There are innumerable little details connected with the poultry business. Each of these must be mastered. Each of these must be given careful attention each day, in order that success may be assured. There is no branch of animal husbandry, or of agriculture that has better support than is given to the poultry industry by the poultry papers, journals and magazines. Hence the importance of subscribing for the best of these journals, and reading them carefully.

Knowledge means to know. A business built upon a thorough knowledge of its requirements is based upon a solid foundation. A business built upon guess work may be compared to a house built on the sand. Starting with a small flock, and being successful, you may double your flock the second year. If, from the result of your second year's venture, you find yourself naturally equipped for the business, and the credit side of your account shows a profit, you may double the size of your flock the third year.

"Go Slow," is a motto to be hung where you can see it daily.

70 The Home That Was Built by Hens

FEEDING.

Volumes have been written and printed upon the subject of feeding and all that we will say on this subject is that "Al" Campbell found that the "best" way was to feed all grains in good *clean* litter and to provide a dry mash so that the fowls might help themselves at any time.

This practice is entirely in accord with the ideas of the writer and we believe represents the best thought that has been given the subject by those who have had much experience and *ought to know*.

Do not overlook the fact that if you are trying to produce eggs in the Winter months you must in some manner approximate Nature's conditions as far as possible, in the matter of furnishing some green or succulent ration for the fowls.

There are many ways in which this may be done. There is the "sprouted oat" plan; the feeding of roots, alfalfa, etc. Personally, we are very partial to alfalfa, as we have found it to be a most excellent food.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In the opinion of the writer there is no business in which one may engage where there is so much of independence and splendid returns for the effort expended as in this Poultry Business.

If you are in the egg business, collect eggs twice daily, summer and winter. Make all shipments sufficiently often to insure the absolute freshness of your product. Good, wholesome food to healthy birds, in clean quarters, spells money. Hatch your chicks in April or May. Raise as many as you can the old fashioned way. If the volume of your business is large, it will require the use of incubators. Study the poultry papers, and the valuable catalogs furnished by the various incubator and brooder makers.

The Lord gave fowl a coat of feathers sufficient to protect them in the most rigorous climate, *if they are protected from drafts*, so don't pamper them.

Every hen that you keep, if properly cared for, will return you a net profit of \$2.00 per year.

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The Publishers will answer any questions you may wish to ask, and cheerfully give you the benefit of their experience at any time. Simply address your inquiry to the "Advisory Department" American Poultry Journal Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

FEEDING THE LAYERS

BY J. C. GRAHAM

Professor of Poultry Husbandry, Massachusetts Agriculture College

With the scientific and practical development of poultry feeding there have come into common use a number of terms not usually understood by amateurs. It is necessary to know the meaning of these in order to read intelligently much that is written on feeds and feeding in poultry journals.

Protein is a name applied to complex substances containing nitrogen. This food constituent is necessary in all rations, as it enters largely into lean meat, blood, skin, nerves, eggs, etc.

Carbohydrates is a term used to designate a class of nutrients composed largely of starches and sugars. These, together with the fibre, constitute the bulky part of feeds. They furnish energy for the body, or are converted into fats and stored up for future use.

Fats, as the term implies, includes the oily portions of feed, together with waxes, etc. These perform about the same function as carbohydrates.

Ration. A ration is the amount of feed given a hen or flock for their maintenance for a period of 24 hours. It matters not whether this is fed at one time or at different times during the day.

Balanced Ration. A balanced ration is the amount of feed containing the proper proportions of protein, carbohydrates, and fats to maintain a hen or flock for 24 hours without waste of any one of the nutrients.

Growing Ration. A growing ration is a maintenance ration plus the amount necessary for growth.

Egg-Laying Ration. An egg-laying ration is a maintenance ration plus the amount necessary for egg production.

The table of digestible nutrients on the following page is almost self-explanatory. For example, in 100 lbs. of corn there are 7.8 lbs. of crude protein, 66.8 lbs. of carbohydrates, and 4.3 lbs. of fat. It must be kept in mind that these percentages do not represent the amount of crude protein, carbohydrates and fats in the grains and feeding stuffs, but the digestible portions. From the chemical analyses of the hen and the egg, we find that a balanced ration is one that contains 1 part protein to about 4.5 parts of carbohydrates and fats. Thus it is seen that of our common grains the one that comes nearest to being a complete ration for hens is oats, but on account of the fibrous husk, and many times the price, it is not fed to such an extent as corn and wheat. These three grains are the principal ones used in feeding poultry. Buckwheat and

barley are sometimes used when they can be obtained at reasonable prices. Kaffircorn, millet seed and sunflower seed are also used in compounding scratch feeds, but on account of the high price of these they are considered too expensive to feed except in very limited quantities. The low price of corn compared with that of other grains makes it the most important grain used in feeding poultry. It should therefore form a large part of the ration.

Note.—This note is inserted for the benefit of those who are interested in the balancing of rations. The nutritive ratio of any grain or feed is the ratio between the amount of digestible crude protein and the sum of the carbohydrates and fats. As the fuel value of fat is 2.25 times that of carbohydrates it is multiplied by that factor before being added to the carbohydrates. For example, the nutritive ratio of corn is found as follows:

From the table on this page we find that in 100 lbs. of corn there are 7.8 lbs. of digestible crude protein, 66.8 lbs. of carbohydrates, and 4.3 lbs. of fats

$$\frac{(4.3 \times 2.25) + 66.8}{7.8} = 9.8$$

9.8 is the second term of the ratio and 1 the first term. The nutritive ratio of corn is thus found to be 1:9.8. To find the nutritive ratio of two or more grains of feeding stuffs get the combined amounts of crude protein, carbohydrates and fats, and find the nutritive ratio of the sums as above. In compounding a mash have the nutritive ratio about 1:2.2 to 1:2.5 for best results.

TABLE OF DIGESTIBLE NUTRIMENTS.

	Name of Feed.	Crude Protein.	Carbohydrates	Fat.
		Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.
1. Grains—				
1. Corn		7.8	66.8	4.3
2. Wheat		8.8	67.5	1.5
3. Oats		10.7	50.3	3.8
4. Buckwheat		8.1	48.2	2.4
5. Barley		8.4	65.3	1.6
6. Rye		9.5	69.4	1.2
7. Kaffircorn		5.2	44.3	1.4
8. Millet		7.1	48.5	2.5
9. Sunflower Seed		14.8	29.7	18.2
10. Rice		6.4	72.2	.4
2. Ground grains and their parts—				
1. Corn meal		6.7	64.3	3.5
2. Gluten feed		21.3	52.8	2.9
3. Wheat bran		11.9	42.0	2.5
4. Wheat middlings		16.9	53.6	4.1
5. Buckwheat middlings		27.7	37.5	6.1
6. Red Dog flour		16.2	57.0	3.4
7. Linseed meal		30.2	32.0	6.9
8. Oatmeal		11.9	55.1	6.7
9. Cottonseed meal		37.6	21.4	9.6
3. Animal products—				
1. Beef scrap		66.2		13.4
2. Dried blood		60.8		2.5
3. Green cut bone				
4. Skim milk		2.9	5.3	.3
5. Buttermilk		3.8	3.0	1.0
4. Green feed—				
1. Alfalfa		11.7	40.9	1.0
2. Clover		7.1	37.8	1.8
3. Beets or mangels		1.2	7.9	0.1
4. Cabbage		2.3	5.9	0.1
5. Carrots		.8	7.7	0.3
6. Potatoes		.8	22.9	0.3
7. Sprouted oats				
8. Garden refuse				

Animal Products.—Green cut bone is one of the best animal products to feed laying hens, but there is a question as to the advisability of feeding it to breeders. There is no animal product that is more stimulating than this. Skim milk and buttermilk are very valuable feeds. There is not much danger in feeding too much of these. If a wet mash is fed, it can be moistened with skim milk or buttermilk, and in addition the hens may be given what they will drink. It is better to sour the skim milk before feeding on account of the favorable effect of the lactic acid upon the digestive apparatus of the hen. Of the animal products beef scrap is the most widely used.

Green Feed.—It is necessary to feed laying hens some kind of green

feed. If this cannot be fed every day, it should be fed at least two or three times a week. Alfalfa and clover are two very valuable green feeds. They can be ground and fed in a dry mash or can be cut in quarter or half inch lengths with an ordinary feed cutter and mixed with a wet mash, or soaked in water for a few hours, the water drained off, and then put in a trough for the chickens to eat. Beets, mangels and cabbages can be split open and hung in the poultry houses or placed in a trough so that the birds can pick them as they choose, or they can be run through a root cutter and then placed in troughs. In feeding carrots it is necessary on account of their small size to run them through a feed cutter. Sprouted oats are one of the best green feeds that can be obtained, but there is a question as to whether one can afford to feed them. As a rule, oats that will grow well are high in price, and we do not get the full nutritive value from the oats when fed in this form, but the effect of the sprouted oats upon the digestive system will probably offset this. I believe one cannot afford the sprouted oats for layers at the price usually paid, but I think one can for breeders, as in the latter case, it is not a question of the cost of the feed for them, but a question of having the hens in the best possible condition for the production of strong, fertile eggs.

Rations.—There are about as many methods of feeding poultry as there are poultry men, and yet there are perhaps more questions asked regarding this subject than any other. It is a well-known fact that one can feed almost any ration to hens and get good results for a time, providing he feeds enough of it, but to feed in such a way that the hens will be strong and vigorous and have good appetites, and to get the most possible for the amount of feed and labor expended is another question. In other words, the time has come, with our high-priced feed, when we must feed as economically as possible.

Ration 1.—Ration without mash.

Good results can be obtained by feeding a grain ration and balancing it with milk. A good ration for this method of feeding is 2 parts cracked corn, 1 part wheat and 1 part oats. In addition to this, by giving the hens all the milk they will drink, enough protein will be furnished so that they can balance their own ration.

This ration can be varied by substituting beef scrap for milk. The beef scrap can be fed in a hopper, and if the hens are inclined to eat too much of it, the hopper can be closed a part of the day. It can also be varied by substituting barley and buckwheat for corn and wheat respectively where these grains are available. A great variety of grains such as we find in commercial scratch feeds, can be fed and balanced by feeding either milk, beef scrap, or green cut bone.

Ration 2.—Combination ration (grains and dry mash.)

This is perhaps the most popular ration used in feeding poultry at the present time. In feeding this ration one can give a greater variety, utilize waste products and concentrates, can determine more nearly the amount eaten, utilize bulky materials, prevent waste, and stimulate the hens.

The disadvantages of a dry mash are that we are apt to get the mash too rich, too bulky and get too much fibrous material in it, and if the hoppers are not constructed properly there will be more or less waste. It is not forcing, and birds must be taught to eat it. The advantages of a dry mash over a wet mash are that it saves labor, avoids decomposed materials, can be eaten when desired, prepared at leisure, and is more sanitary.

The grains used in this ration are the same as in ration 1, and the

two following formulae for dry mashes are recommended. There is very little difference in their nutritive ratio:

Mash 1.

2 parts wheat bran.
1 part wheat middlings.
1 part corn meal.
1 part alfalfa (ground).
½ part beef scrap.
½ part oil meal.
½ part gluten meal.

Mash 2.

1 part wheat bran.
1 part wheat middlings.
1 part corn meal.
1 part of finely ground oats.
1 part alfalfa (ground).
1 part beef scrap.

Ration 3.—Combination ration (grains and wet mash).—A great deal has been said regarding the harmful effects of wet mash, but I believe it is not the wet mash that is injurious, but the method of feeding it. If a wet mash is used instead of a dry one, the later in the day it can be fed the better; but it is usually fed in the morning, and when so fed the hens are allowed to fill up on it. Under these conditions, they sit around and are inactive the greater part of the day. If the mash is fed in the morning, or at noon, just about half what the hens will eat should be given, but when fed at night they can be given all they will eat. I believe this is the secret of getting good results in feeding a wet mash.

In pursuing this method the same grains mentioned under ration 1 are used, also the mash given in ration 2, except that is mixed to a crumbly state with water. If milk is used instead of water, about one-half the amount of beef scrap is omitted. The wet mash can be varied by incorporating waste vegetables. These may be cooked and mixed with the mash, but the droppings should be watched carefully, and if they are found to become too watery the amount of vegetable matter should be cut down.

Method.—Our method of feeding layers at the College is as follows: The dry mash is kept in hoppers before the hens at all times, and a scratch feed composed of 2 parts cracked corn, 1 part wheat, and 1 part oats is fed night and morning. The scratch feed is varied, depending somewhat upon the condition of the hens. We go into the houses occasionally at night and feel of the hens to see whether or not they are over fat. If they are, more oats and wheat and less corn are fed. Sometimes we feed three parts of corn to 2 parts of wheat at night and oats in the morning. At times oats are fed alone because hens like corn and wheat a little better than oats, and when the three are mixed together the wheat and corn are picked up first and those that eat the fastest get very little of the oats. At certain seasons of the year we feed more grain at night in the litter than the hens will eat so there will be some left for them to work on early the next morning. This is found to be a very satisfactory method. If we want to force the hens, in addition to the dry mash and grain, we moisten some of the mash, getting it to a crumbly state and placing it in troughs. This is fed at night.

Fresh water, oyster shell and grit are kept before the hens. Potassium permanganate is one of the best disinfectants for drinking water. It is not expensive, costing about 35 cents per pound. It comes in crystal form and a few crystals should be placed in the drinking water, enough to give it a good red color. This is not a medicine, but a disinfectant pure and simple.

Mangels and cabbages are fed whole every day when possible, but at least three times a week. The cement floors are covered with about 4 inches of coarse sand, then straw and baled shavings are spread over it. Last

year baled shavings were used because they were cheaper and gave good results. We use coarse sand instead of loam, as the sand does not pack but remains loose so that it can be easily scratched over. Loam would also become very dusty. The sand, too, makes good dusting material for the hens to keep down lice.

It is impossible for one to give the exact amount of feed for a flock of hens, as the quantity depends upon several variable factors. If hens were all of the same size and of the same activity, and laid the same number of eggs of the same weight, and they all had the same power of digestion, the amount could easily be determined, but as these are variable factors it is impossible to do so. The amount to feed is governed by the action of the hens, the amount of grain found in litter and hoppers at feeding time. The judgment of the attendant is the main factor in feeding hens.

TWO GOOD FALL RATIONS FOR STOCK BIRDS AND WINTER LAYERS

BY PRINCE T. WOODS, M. D.

Managing Editor American Poultry Journal

Here is a good fall ration for stock birds and layers you intend to winter. Scratch grain to be fed in automatic feeders. If you feed by hand, use twice daily, substituting corn feeding on cold evenings two or three times a week:

	Pounds.
Cracked corn	300
Heavy white oats (clipped)	120
Wheat (hard red)	100
Buckwheat	30
Sunflower seed	30
Coarse beef scrap (sifted)	20

Dry mash to be kept before all birds all the time in box hoppers:

	Pounds.
Wheat bran	150
Middlings	100
Ground oats	100
Corn meal	100
Gluten feed	100
Best fish meal	50
Best beef scrap	50

Every other two weeks add to the above mixture 50 pounds of old process linseed meal. Twenty-five pounds of dry "milk albumen" may be substituted for a part of the fish or beef scrap if you have it. If neither fish nor milk albumen are easily obtainable, use 100 pounds of beef scrap. Be sure to feed an abundance of fresh succulent green food every day. Without plenty of green food, or with early hatched pullets and fowl that have been scantily fed all summer on range, this ration is apt to start a molt, particularly if the birds are rather closely confined. With liberal range and an abundance of greens no troublesome molt need be expected. Some pullets will molt anyway on being housed, but with us it has not interferred with egg production. For big pullets in full feather and good flesh, cut out the sunflower seed and the linseed meal.

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